

The Outlook

JANUARY 12, 1921

A DINNER AT A THOUSAND DOLLARS A PLATE

A DINNER at a thousand dollars a plate was recently given in New York City.

Despite the high price, the bill of fare was limited to rice stew, bread, and cocoa. The cocoa was served in army mess cups. The rice stew was served on tin plates. The bread was without butter. This is the same meal which the European Relief Council has been giving and will give to 3,500,000 children in Europe who are actually starving.

Nor was the food served on the usual dinner tables; it was served on pine trestles without any covering at all, and the chairs arranged alongside were of the folding camp variety. The waiters were women volunteers in the Red Cross garb of those who actually feed the children in Europe.

Those who partook of the dinner were the men and women who had contributed a thousand dollars apiece to the \$33,000,000 fund which the European Relief Council is trying to raise; thus they could reckon their dinner at a thousand dollars a plate. More than one-third of the amount desired has already been raised.

The cost of saving the life of a child until next summer's harvest is \$10. When harvest comes, it is hoped, Central Europe may become self-supporting, though of course on a very much lower scale than before the war.

On the speakers' dais was placed a child's high chair. This symbolized the

children who were unseen guests at the dinner—the children who are being saved. According to ex-Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane, who is Treasurer of the Relief Fund, they sent this message:

We, the unhappy children of Europe, send you our gratitude. . . . We are only boys and girls, you know, not men and women. We did not make this awful war. We are its last victims and we cannot help ourselves. . . . When we are men and women we shall tell our children what you did for us, and some time, maybe, we can keep other boys and girls from knowing what we know of the cruelty that comes to children out of war.

Among the speakers were Mr. Hoover and General Pershing. The first reminded the diners that the entire fund asked for did not exceed the cost of a single battleship. He also mentioned the sums spent in this country on luxuries, and declared his belief that the American people were not unable or unwilling to help to save the lives of the starving children of Europe. General Pershing pointed out that the greatest suffering of the war had been not among armies but among women and children. He added:

There is another thought that forces itself upon our attention tonight. As we contemplate the causes of the World War and realize its horrors, every right-thinking man and woman must feel like demanding that some steps be taken to prevent its recurrence. An important step would be to curtail expenditures for the maintenance of armies and navies. . . . It is a gloomy commentary upon

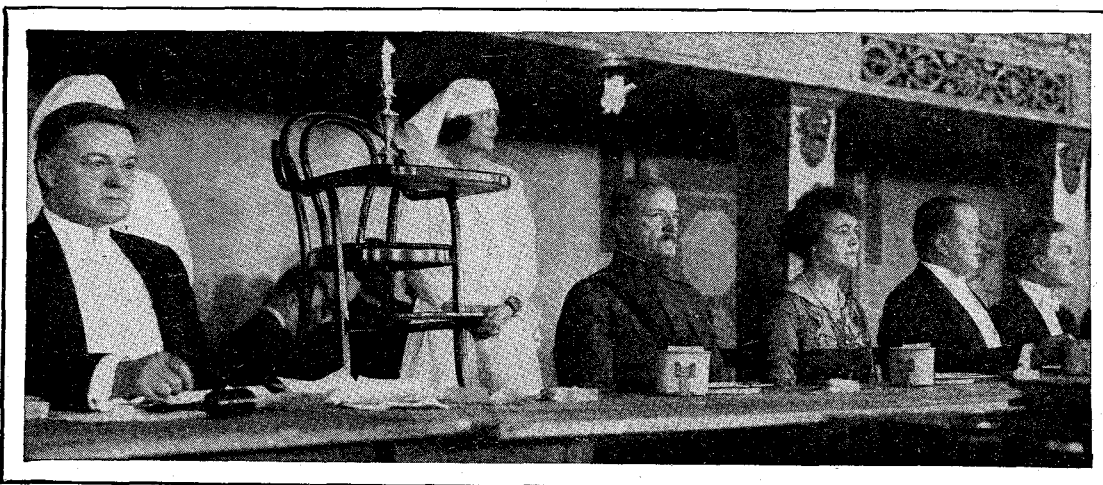
world conditions that expenditures several times greater than ever before in peace times should be considered necessary. . . . We may well ask ourselves whether civilization does really reach a point where it begins to destroy itself.

General Pershing's words afford another illustration of the fact that no one is more eager than the true soldier to prevent war. But, whatever may be done to that end in the future, there is an immediate and pressing need, and that is to send relief to those children upon whom the past war has brought undeserved wretchedness.

THE CHIEF TASK OF CONGRESS

WHEN each Congress assembles for its last session of three months, it is commonly said that little legislation can be expected except the passage of the appropriation bills. This sounds as if Congress were dilatory, inefficient, uninterested in its larger legislative duties, and unresponsive to the popular demand for corrective or progressive laws. A very general impression is that the passage of appropriation bills is a routine matter that a small group of business men would get through with in short order.

Again this year we are hearing the same report—that little can be expected from Congress before March 4 except the passage of the appropriation bills. Very few Americans have any idea of the enormous amount of labor and the financial knowledge required of those who are charged with this duty. There



(C) Keystone

THE EMPTY CHAIR AT THE "THOUSAND DOLLAR A PLATE" DINNER
Left to right: Herbert Hoover; the "Empty Chair;" General Pershing; Mrs. John T. Pratt;
the Minister from Finland; John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

are thirteen regular appropriation bills, each authorizing the expenditure of money from the National treasury for a certain object or group of objects. These regular appropriation bills are the following: Agriculture, Army, Diplomatic and Consular, District of Columbia, Fortifications, Indian; Legislative, Executive and Judicial; Military Academy, Naval, Pensions, Post Office, River and Harbor, Sundry Civil. In addition to these regular appropriations there are permanent annual appropriations for interest on the public debt and for sinking fund purposes. There is also a miscellaneous item covering the estimates of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the Railway Labor Board, the United States Employees' Compensation Commission, etc. Finally, in consequence of supplementary estimates from various departments, there are the deficiency bills.

Last year the amount actually appropriated by Congress was nearly four billion eight hundred and sixty million dollars. This year the estimates transmitted by the Secretary of the Treasury amount to about two hundred million dollars less. Congress will, of course, not provide the money called for in these estimates, but will exercise its right of telling the administrative offices of the Government that they must spend less than they would like to spend. The appropriations, it is believed, will be less than the estimates by about a billion dollars.

THE POWER OF THE PURSE

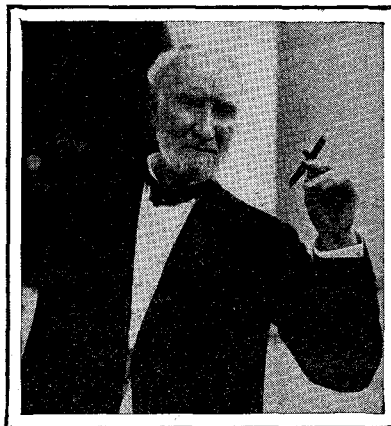
THERE are three places in which Congress is expected to make great saving. In the first place, Congress will not provide nearly as much money for the Army or Navy as is asked. In the second place, there are not going to be so many improvements of rivers and harbors as are requested. In the third place, Congress is going to deny money for the continuation of bureaus and commissions which have been and are now duplicating work.

Much of the labor in preparing the appropriations would be saved and a great deal of the labor would be more intelligent if the United States had a proper National budget. At present executive branches and special bureaus, many in number and great in variety, submit estimates to the Secretary of the Treasury, who passes them all along to Congress. There ought to be a central agency to co-ordinate all the estimates to prevent duplication in work and save to the taxpayer a vast unnecessary expenditure.

Even with a budget system, however,

the task of appropriating money for the Government of one hundred million people is a vast enterprise. It is not a matter of routine, but it requires intelligence, imagination, courage, and a constantly developing sense of the Nation's needs.

This task of appropriating moneys is, moreover, the fundamental task of a legislative body. It is the exercise of the greatest power in government, the power of the purse. As long as monarchs had access to the treasury of their realms they were essentially autocrats and their peoples were not free. As long as they could tax the people and use the money raised by taxation as



Bain

"UNCLE JOE" CANNON

they pleased they were in control. Free government came when the common people took from the monarch the right to tax and the right to appropriate money for public use. We Americans are inclined to undervalue Congress. Those men in Washington are not merely symbols of our liberty, they are actual preservers of free government; and at no time are the Representatives and Senators in Congress assembled doing more strictly the people's business than when they are at work on the appropriation bills.

"UNCLE JOE" CANNON

ON December 28 "Uncle Joe" Cannon established a new American record for length of service in the National Legislature. For nearly forty-four years he has served in that body. Since his first election in 1872 he has been a member of Congress continuously with the exception of two terms. For eight years he served as Speaker of the House of Representatives. At the age of eighty-five he is now courageously looking forward to beating Gladstone's record of fifty-three years of service in the British House of Commons.

Congressional practice has changed very much in the years since Mr. Can-

non first entered the House of Representatives. Under the leadership of a succession of powerful Speakers, the authority in the House gradually centered in a few commanding hands. When Cannon himself took up the Speaker's gavel, it was indeed a scepter wielded by a czar. The power of appointment to committees gave the Speaker almost complete control over legislation, a control which Mr. Cannon did not hesitate to exercise.

When the revolt came against his autocracy, the party caucus was substituted in large measure for the undivided control of the Speaker. Certainly the old system had grave faults, but it can be said that the new system has not wholly justified the hopes of its proponents. The House of Representatives has still to develop a system which will be at the same time efficient and democratic, a system in which responsibility is held and exercised in the open.

When Mr. Cannon was in power, he bore the brunt of the attack upon a system of which he was as much the product as the source. Now that he has been shorn of his power, there is a curious tendency to sentimentalize over his career as that of a typical and representative American. Certainly he is an interesting figure, but he does not represent, in our minds, those qualities which we like to think of as distinctly American. Human and humorous he undoubtedly is, but his whole career is indicative of a lack of vision and a limited understanding which removes him without much discussion from the class of great nation builders.

THE NATIONAL PARKS

A WEEK or two ago we called attention to the fact that there are two bills before Congress, one espoused by Senator Jones in the Senate and the other by Congressman Esch in the House of Representatives, providing that no permit, license, lease, or authorization for the use of the National Parks as irrigation or hydroelectric reservoirs shall be issued without the specific authority of Congress.

We said then and we believe now that this seems a very simple and just provision. The National Parks were created by Congress, and Congress ought to have something to say about their final disposition. Those who are interested in our National Parks ought to familiarize themselves with these bills and should urge their passage.

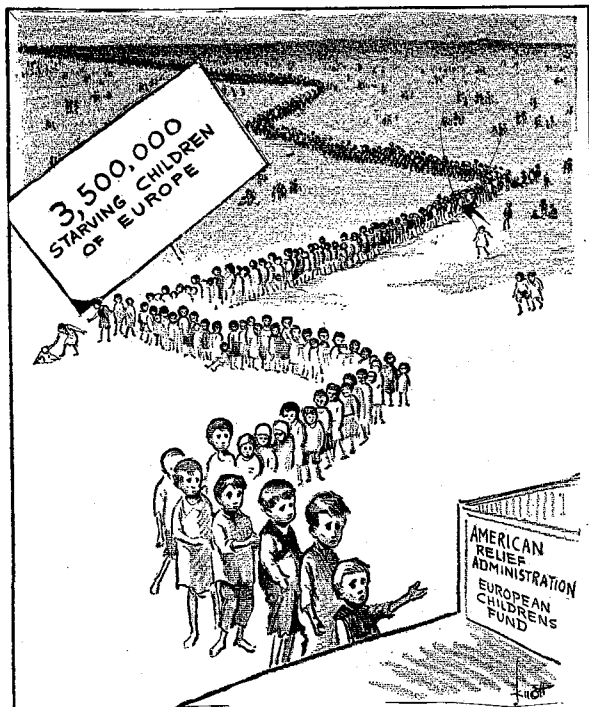
It is interesting to report that public opinion about the National Parks in the States which would be the ones most to benefit from irrigation and electric-power projects is not solidly in favor of

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

AS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

(See offer on page 80)

Knott in the Dallas News



THE BREAD LINE IS WAITING FOR THE BREAD

From Ruth McKay, Dallas, Texas

De Mar in the Philadelphia Record



"AND JUST AS IT WAS A-COMIN' DOWN!"

From Grace S. Nevius, Flemington, N. J.

Perry in the Portland Morning Oregonian



THE CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

From O. J. Honska, Portland, Oregon

From the Denver Times



"THOU SHALT NOT PASS"

From Lena M. Weller, Golden, Col.



(C) Harris & Ewing
PROF. ALBERT MICHELSON

the use of the National Parks for these purposes. The Commercial Club of Great Falls, Montana, a strong organization, originally passed resolutions in favor of using the Parks for proper industrial purposes. But after getting all the facts in the case the Club reconsidered the matter, withdrew the resolution, and notified the Congressman to whom the resolution had been sent of their revocation. The Chamber of Commerce of Cheyenne, Wyoming, is urging Congress to oppose the plan of building a reservoir in the Yellowstone Park.

The entire Congressional delegation from Wyoming is on record as opposing any encroachment upon the National Parks, Senator Kendrick, for example, writing thus to a constituent: "While I have always been an ardent believer in the maximum development of the waters of our Western States for reclamation or for power purposes, I feel very strongly that such development should not be extended to the National Parks."

These are encouraging incidents. When the American people have all the facts regarding a question of public policy, they are generally guided in their decision, not by local and selfish motives, but by a broad general view of public welfare.

THE TEN POINTS OF THRIFT

THRIFT is a conventionally commended quality, the true meaning of which is not always fully understood. Thrift does not mean miserliness; it means wise spending as well as wise saving. The Y.M.C.A., in again putting forward a plea for a National Thrift Week, has this point clearly in mind, a point which is doubly pertinent at this time when business is slackening

and the war-time budgets of individuals and nations are being painfully readjusted to a peace-time basis.

The Thrift Week of the Y.M.C.A. is scheduled to begin on January 17. The creed of Thrift Week is included in ten financial injunctions, to which citizens are asked to give heed. These ten injunctions are:

- Work and earn.
- Make a budget.
- Record expenditures.
- Have a bank account.
- Carry life insurance.
- Own your own home.
- Make a will.
- Pay your bills promptly.
- Invest in reliable securities.
- Share with others.

These are not counsels of parsimony; they are counsels of judicious and intelligent expenditure. There are some items on this list which Uncle Sam himself will do well to profit by. "Make a budget," for instance, is as good advice for Uncle Sam as for John Citizen.

A GREAT FEAT IN ASTRONOMY

IN his remarkable book "The Outline of History" H. G. Wells closes his chapter on the development of writing as a means of communication between man and man with these words: "Our world to-day is only in the beginning of knowledge."

At first glance this seems an extravagant statement. The wonderful achievements of science during even the first twenty years of the twentieth century make the layman wonder sometimes whether there are many fields of knowledge left for man to conquer. And then, just when we begin to think that man has about become lord of all creation, along comes science with a new discovery which shows how puny he really is and how the majesty of the universe towers above and beyond him, unfathomable and unknowable.

It was in this mood that the old Hebrew poet wrote, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" And it is this mood which must have been impressed upon the minds of thousands of men and women who read the recent announcement, in the last week of December, of the unprecedented astronomical achievement of Professor Albert Michelson, of the University of Chicago, who has successfully measured the size of the star Betelgeuse, in the constellation of Orion.

Betelgeuse (sometimes spelled Betelgeux) is an incandescent star or sun, doubtless very much like our own mysterious and flaming Orb of Day, except in point of size. Professor Michelson has discovered that it would take twenty-seven million suns like ours to



Courtesy of the New York "Times"

The shaded portion of the diagram shows the size of Betelgeuse compared with the orbits of our planets. As will be seen, the star would nearly fill the orbit of Mars. The sun and planets as shown here are greatly exaggerated. The sun, for example, if correctly drawn to scale, would be only 1-150th of an inch in diameter. It would take 27,000,000 suns like our sun to equal Betelgeuse, although the diameter of our sun is 866,000 miles.

make one Betelgeuse, which has a diameter of nearly three hundred million miles. Since the circumference of the globe is 3.1416 times its diameter, it would take an airplane flying one hundred miles an hour about one thousand years to circumnavigate the gigantic sun, without stopping a second for the birth and death of generations of pilots.

No wonder that the special correspondent of the New York "Times," reporting from Chicago the overwhelming measurements and calculations made by Professor Michelson, remarked: "These dimensions make the bodies of our solar system seem most minute and insignificant and present the conception of celestial bodies of magnitudes hitherto unmeasured and almost beyond comprehension."

Terrestrial and human pride seem pretty small after such a glimpse into the illimitable universe. And yet we cannot resist adding, with some satisfaction, that Professor Michelson received his scientific education at the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis, but resigned from the Navy in 1881 to devote himself to scientific research. He has successively held the chair of Physics in the Case School of Applied Science, at Cleveland; in Clark University, at Worcester; and for the last twenty-eight years in the University of Chicago.

A CONCERT OF ENGLISH MUSIC

FOR many years English composers seemed unable to rise above the level of mediocrity. Scarcely a name of the nineteenth century among all the

names of even second or third rate composers is English. The one striking exception is not English at all, for it is Irish—Sullivan; and that can be counted English only because Sir Arthur was born in London, though his father was a native of County Cork. The twentieth century has seen a change. Among living composers the German Richard Strauss has perhaps been most widely advertised and has perhaps created the greatest sensations, and the French d'Indy is perhaps the most interesting to the students of the development of music, but no one has become more deservedly distinguished than the Englishman Sir Edward Elgar. And among the younger composers those of England are giving as much promise as those of any other country except possibly France. Here in America we ought to hear more of English music, just as we ought to hear more music of American origin. Simply because the very greatest composers have been German is no reason why we should hold our breaths every time a German composer makes a noise. American audiences listen with respect to music labeled German which would frankly bore them if it were marked "Made in England" and which they would not listen to at all if they knew it was by an American.

All this is by way of lengthy introduction to the statement that one of the last orchestral concerts of the old year in New York City consisted of English music under the direction of an English conductor.

At the invitation of Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, Albert Coates has been visiting this country to lead the orchestra as guest conductor. His first appearance was in a programme consisting of a suite arranged and edited by himself for string orchestra from the works of Henry Purcell, Sir Edward Elgar's "Enigma" Variations, and Vaughan Williams's "London" symphony.

Purcell represents the high-water mark of English music previous to the present century. That was a good many years ago—about two centuries and a half. At that time English musicianship was of the highest order.

Sir Edward Elgar's Variations constitute one of the most beautiful compositions produced in our day, which grows with repeated hearings. Its theme, which seems strange and almost awkward at first, has the kind of beauty that is denied to mere prettiness. The Variations, supposed to be representative of the temperaments of some of Sir Edward's friends, are of widest variety; one is buoyant; another, mincing; another, pretentious; another, suave and

noble. The composer has lent a factitious interest to this work by saying: "Through and over the whole set another and larger theme 'goes' but is not played."

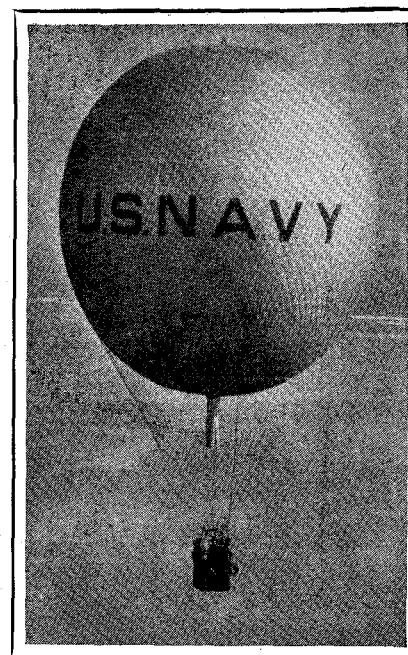
The symphony in this concert is frankly the starkest kind of programme music. It is supposed to describe the city of London. The Thames flows silent in the dawn, the Westminster chimes strike the half-hour, the Strand becomes all bustle and turmoil, a costermonger sings a coster song, a bit of shabby-genteel London comes into view, and then the turmoil of the Strand reappears. Thus endeth the first movement. In the second movement is pictured the region known as Bloomsbury, and an old musician plays a plaintive tune on a fiddle in front of a public house. In the third movement the composer undertakes to give his audience through the ears a glimpse of the slums. The last movement might be called the labor movement. It is supposed to depict the hunger and unrest of London; but it brings us back to old Father Thames still flowing silently. This symphony is really a movie in sound, and as an art production may be ranked with the movies. Those who prefer to see moving pictures and those who prefer to hear something else beside movies will be alike unappreciative of this composition. Nevertheless there are passages of beauty in it. It is written with great skill and mastery of modern musical resources. Vaughan Williams, the composer, received his musical education chiefly in England, and he has worked with Maurice Ravel in Paris; but he writes a good deal like the modern German.

Albert Coates, the guest conductor, is English in name and in his paternal ancestry, but he was born in Russia of a Russian mother, and, though he studied science under Sir Oliver Lodge in Liverpool, he received his musical education in Petrograd, was a member of the Gewandhaus under Nikisch, and became conductor of the Imperial Opera of Petrograd. More recently he has been conducting in London.

FROM LONG ISLAND TO HUDSON BAY

ON December 13 three naval officers left Rockaway Point, Long Island, in a spherical balloon. Twenty-four hours later they descended near Moose Factory, Ontario, close to the shores of Hudson Bay, after covering a distance of some eight hundred miles.

It was not for some three weeks, however, that any news of their safe descent reached the United States, for the balloonists, when they landed in the Canadian wilderness, were far from tele-



International
THE BALLOON THAT MADE A
GREAT ADVENTURE

graphic communication with the outside world. As it was, they wandered for four days before they found the Hudson Bay Post at Moose Factory. Meanwhile the American Naval Air Service and the Canadian authorities were bending every effort to locate the missing men. It was a matter of international relief and congratulation when the adventurous voyagers were finally reported safe. It is expected that it will take two weeks for the officers to return from Moose Factory to the nearest rail head. Certainly their journey to Canada and return may be described in similar language to that used by the Chinaman after his first ride upon a toboggan. When asked what it was like he said: "Wi-s-s-s-h! Walkee back three mile!"

We are a little at a loss to know what military or naval purpose is served by such a flight in a craft which belongs, so far as modern warfare is concerned, in a category with flintlocks and blunderbuses. Perhaps, however, the stimulus which such a voyage gives to qualities of courage and self-reliance may have justified the risk involved.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE winter season is not generally celebrated for its sporting events of international interest, but there are exceptions to almost every rule.

The last week in December saw a closely fought contest between the Cornell cross-country team, intercollegiate champions of America, and a team representing the combined forces of Oxford and Cambridge. The Oxford-Cambridge team won by the narrow margin of 26 to 29. The Cornell runners arrived in

England only a week before the race, and, though they were defeated, their achievement against the pick of two universities is therefore especially creditable. The race of seven and one-half miles was run over the famous Thames Hare and Hounds Course, which includes three severe water jumps, a long stretch of plowed field, and numerous hills. The English runners have always been at their best in long-distance races, and the Oxford-Cambridge runners are said to comprise the strongest 'varsity' team which has been assembled in many years. It is reported that next year Oxford and Cambridge will not only send their track teams, but also their boat crews, to compete with Cornell. It is to be hoped that this report is true.

Even if an American team did not succeed in defeating Oxford and Cambridge, American tennis players have once more gained possession of the famous Davis trophy. At Auckland, New Zealand, on January 1, William T. Tilden and William M. Johnston made a clean sweep of the Davis cup lawn tennis championship by defeating Gerald F. Patterson and Norman E. Brookes in both the singles and doubles. The Davis trophy has been in the antipodes since the beginning of the war. Doubtless America will be called upon to defend its possession at Forest Hills, Long Island, this coming summer.

On New Year's Day a third athletic event took place which, while not of an international character, was at least of continental interest. The eleven of the University of Ohio played the eleven of

the University of California at Pasadena that day. The game resulted in the favor of the Western university by the very decisive score of 28 to 0. California apparently swept the Ohio team off its feet by the precision and brilliancy of its overhead attack.

Fiume Surrendered

As was anticipated, the Italian regulars made short work of Gabriele d'Annunzio's legionaries at Fiume. As for some time the citizens of Fiume had been saying, "*Liberaci dai Liberatori*" (Deliver us from our deliverers), it was appropriate that the new Provisional Government of Fiume should begin the disarmament of the defeated legionaries and should preserve order in the city by its own police. The poet-commander begged permission to leave Fiume at the head of his legionaries. This was refused. On January 5 the troops which had held Fiume for sixteen months began to leave the city under the guard of regulars on special trains in relays of three hundred legionaries each. They will be enrolled with their original units in Italy. The regulars worked as quickly as possible, so as to establish the new Independent State of Fiume at once. The Provisional Government will hold an election almost immediately.

Thus ends a chapter of history.

Some three years ago at Fiume a member of The Outlook's editorial staff, noting the independent spirit of the Fiumani, asked one of the City Councilors: "Why should Fiume not be an

independent republic?" "Ah, that would be the ideal solution," was the reply, "*una repubblica fiumana*." This ideal might have been realized by the heads of the Paris Peace Conference. But the extremes of Italian realism and Wilsonian idealism prevented.

A Civilian's Fight with the Military

Years ago, at the University of Bonn, William II and Theobald von Bethmann Hollweg were students together, and friends. Doubtless this friendship made Bethmann's path easier to the presidency, first, of the district of Bromberg and, second, of the province of Brandenburg; to the Secretaryship of the Interior and the Vice-Presidency of the Prussian Council; to the Imperial Vice-Chancellorship and to the Chancellorship itself.

A highly trained bureaucrat, Bethmann represented the tendencies of a Prussian patrician, not of a Prussian Junker—that is to say, though beginning with strong prejudices, he was susceptible of change. He had fought against giving to the people a larger share in the government of Prussia, but later became an apostle of universal franchise.

Bethmann has just died, sixty-four years old. With him passes the broadest of the Kaiser's generally narrow-minded counselors—certainly he was in glaring contrast to such bigots as Tirpitz and Ludendorff.

Bethmann's Chancellorship meant a trial of strength between two forces—the military and the civil. It was to last eight years and was to end with a tragic military triumph.

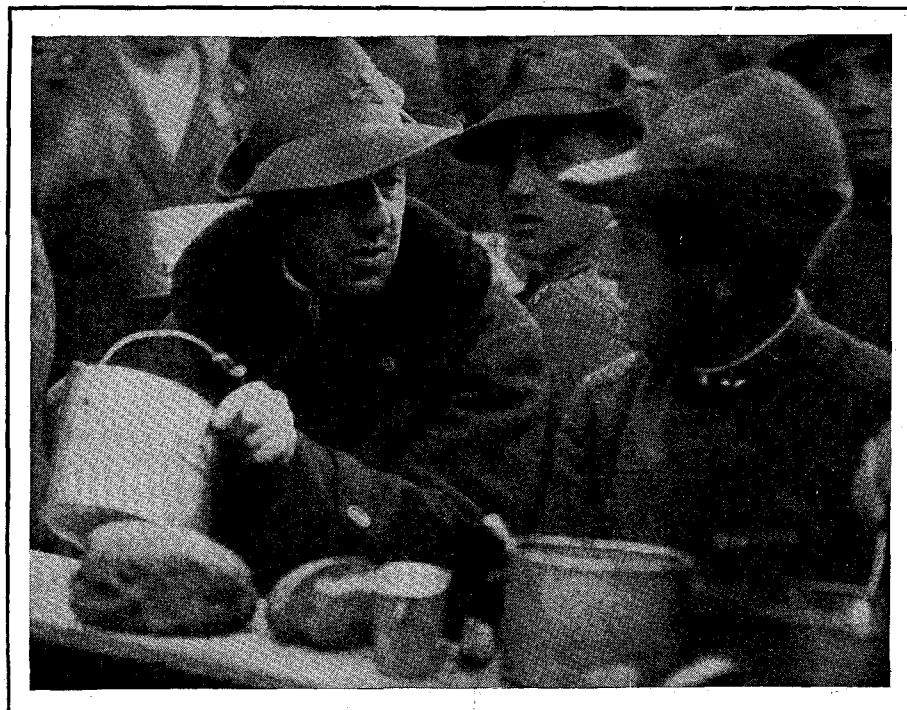
In his recently published memoirs he blames the German army for starting the World War.

In 1914, however, he also blamed England. It was he who said that Great Britain was going to make war "just for a scrap of paper."

This phrase discrediting a solemn treaty and his other statement admitting the wrong done to the Belgians but defending that wrong on the ground that necessity knows no law revealed in him a kind of honesty not characteristic of all Germans, together with a characteristically German disregard of the conscience of mankind.

Bethmann's divergence from the militarists increased as time went on. It was illustrated by his protest against the German aerial bombardment of London, his opposition to a ruthless submarine campaign, and, above all, his instigation of a peace resolution in the Reichstag.

When Ludendorff, the chief of the militarists, and Bethmann resigned at



Underwood

D'ANNUNZIO MESSING WITH HIS SOLDIERS IN FIUME BEFORE HIS SURRENDER

the same time, the Kaiser turned against his old friend, accepting his resignation, and reinstated Ludendorff. That was the end of Bethmann's career.

LYNCHINGS IN 1920

PROFESSOR WORK, of Tuskegee Institute, annually compiles a list of lynchings in the United States. His report for 1920 has at least one encouraging feature, for he records fifty-six instances in which officers of the law prevented lynchings either by the removal of prisoners or by the use of armed force. Ten of these instances occurred in Northern States and forty-six in Southern. Armed force was used to repel lynchers in fourteen cases and in four instances mobs were fired upon.

There were sixty-one lynchings in the year 1920. Of these fifty-two were in the South and nine in the North and West, a total reduction of twenty-two from the year 1919. The victims of these lynchings numbered fifty-three Negroes and eight whites. The roll of dishonor of the various States follows:

Alabama, 7; Arkansas, 1; California, 3; Florida, 7; Georgia, 9; Illinois, 1; Kansas, 1; Kentucky, 1; Minnesota, 3; Mississippi, 7; Missouri, 1; North Carolina, 3; Ohio, 1; Oklahoma, 3; South Carolina, 1; Texas, 10; Virginia, 1; West Virginia, 1.

The record for 1920 shows some advance over the previous year, but it still constitutes a blot upon American civilization.

THE PLIGHT OF FRANCE

ON January 3 the Paris "Matin" published an article by ex-President Poincaré, in which he cites the provision of the Versailles Treaty requiring the German army to be reduced by March 31, 1920, to 100,000 men, and the German police force to a number not to exceed the ratio to population as it was in 1913. Yet, adds Mr. Poincaré, the Interallied Commission of Control reports that even now Germany has not fulfilled her obligations. It is believed by some, we would add, that Germany has from two and a half to three million men trained for army emergency and a million and a half of rifles ready.

As long as France is not safe from a vengeful and aggressive Germany, the victory in which America participated will remain endangered.

If the Germans could be rendered unaggressive and brought to real repentance, if they could be so changed in spirit as honestly to seek to repair not only the material damage that they have done but also the injuries they have wrought in the social fabric of the

world, the victory of the cause of the Allies would be permanent and would need no other safeguard. But the French have no illusions on that score. They live next to the Germans. They know that nations are not converted in a day or a year. They are not unreasonable. They do not demand the impossible. They are not looking for any one to provide them with a formula for universal peace. They believe, however, that, having borne the brunt of the Germans' assault upon civilization, they have the right to expect such safeguards as will save France from the peril of national extinction. It is not quite fair—is it?—for other nations in positions of comparative security to leave France insecure.

When the armistice brought hostilities to an end, there were four measures which might have been taken to keep Germany from repeating her adventure.

One measure would have been to deal separately with the different elements in the German Empire, and thus deprive Prussia of the strength that she derived from employing the resources of the other German states. Modern Europe has never feared Bavaria or Saxony or Württemberg singly. But Europe, including peoples of German speech and culture, has feared Prussia. If the Allies had offered Bavaria, for example, a separate peace on terms better than she could obtain in partnership with Prussia, she might have been glad to abandon an enterprise that had proved disastrous in the past and was full of ill omen for the future. This, however, was not to be. For some reason of political expediency the managers of the Peace Conference decided to consolidate the German Empire by treating with all the German states as a whole. That safeguard, therefore, was abandoned.

Another measure would have been to make France correspondingly strong. This would have involved the transfer to France not only of Alsace and Lorraine but of other regions inhabited by people for generations German in speech and tradition. There were objections to this measure apart from considerations of justice to the inhabitants of the territory involved. France has been successful in implanting loyalty to the Republic in the heart of many people who are French neither in speech nor in ancestry; but it would have been of doubtful benefit to the French Republic to include such masses of Germans within French territory as would have been necessary if a purely military frontier had been arranged. This second safeguard was thus likewise abandoned.

A third measure would have been to exact from Germany such a price for her orgy as to have convinced her that

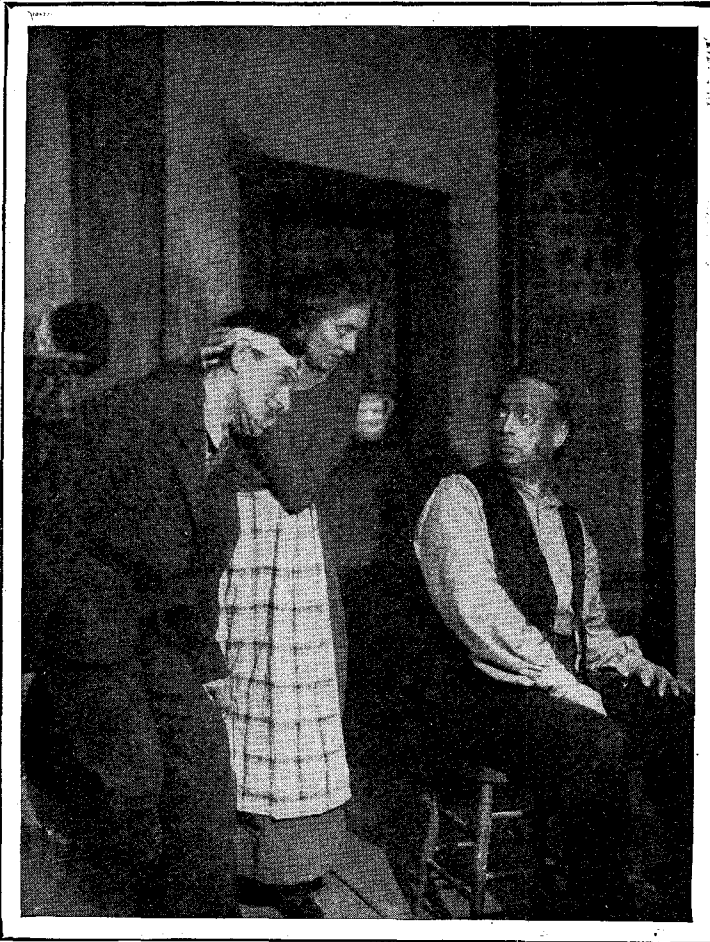
a war of conquest does not pay, to have put the leaders of her iniquity under such restraint as to have furnished a warning for others who might seek to imitate them, and to deprive her so completely of military resources as to make it impossible for her to employ the might which she had abused. In some degree this measure was attempted in the Treaty; but it has not been put into effect. What France had to pay for defending civilization is recorded in her devastated area and in the sad disorganization of her social and economic life. What Germany has had to pay for her assault upon civilization is not so evident. It is true that her population has suffered physically and morally from the war as have other peoples, but her factories are intact, her towns and cities remain standing. Germany has not begun really to pay for even the limited amount of damage for which she agreed to make reparation. All accounts agree that she does not intend to pay. She has not surrendered her criminals, and does not intend to surrender them. She has made a show of disarmament, but she still retains military forces and military weapons that she had agreed to dispense with. This safeguard, though not abandoned, has therefore so far failed.

The fourth measure would have been to perfect and strengthen the alliance which proved effective ultimately in thwarting Germany's purpose. That alliance, or league, or association, or whatever else it may be called, was in good working order two years ago last November. Hardly, however, was the armistice signed, than an attempt was under way to abandon it and to substitute for it something else planned for a different purpose and organized in an unprecedented way. It is true that at the same time the three strongest nations associated together in the war tentatively made an agreement to resist German aggression in the future. That Franco-Anglo-American treaty still remains tentative. It has never been ratified. Meantime the League of Nations, devised as a substitute for the War Alliance, has proved ineffective. The fourth safeguard has therefore disappeared.

Americans, far from the scene of the war, should not forget the plight of France.

MIXED MARRIAGE

THERE is a great deal of evidence on which to base the conclusion that art should have little concern with ethics or morals. Certainly many instances may be found wherein an artist with an impelling moral or social purpose has failed to create the artistic



MRS. RAINNEY (MARGARET WYCHERLY), AND MICHAEL O'HARA (HARMON MAC GREGOR) WHO HAS BEEN WOUNDED BY A PROTESTANT SYMPATHIZER, APPEAL TO JOHN RAINNEY (AUGUSTIN DUNCAN) TO RELENT IN HIS DETERMINATION TO REPUDIATE HIS PREVIOUS ALLIANCE WITH THE CATHOLIC WORKMEN OF CORK

effect which he has simultaneously sought.

Perhaps before admitting the absolute divorce of art and ethics as a philosophic axiom it might be well to inquire whether this division between the worlds of art and morals is not apparent rather than real; whether or not the failure which frequently follows the attempt to be both moral and artistic at the same time does not arise from the shortcomings of the artist rather than from the impracticability of his purpose. Mediæval painters and architects certainly found their religious fervor no drawback to their artistic efforts, for with them the two purposes were completely absorbed the one in the other. Perhaps dramatists of social reform can learn something from contemplating this thought. We are moved to this rather ponderous philosophizing by St. John Ervine's "Mixed Marriage," a dramatized picture of the religious bigotry of the north of Ireland.

Obviously, Mr. Ervine had a distinct social purpose in mind when he wrote "Mixed Marriage." He wanted, first, to make a plea for a united Ireland, an Ireland tolerant of religious differences. He wanted, secondly, to express the present conflict in artistic and dramatic

form. Now this conflict is indeed essentially dramatic, and Mr. Ervine is too much an artist entirely to lose touch with the potential dramatics of any situation. Yet we suspect that many of those who have witnessed "Mixed Marriage" left the little Bramhall Playhouse not wholly satisfied with their evening's fare.

"Mixed Marriage" in its presentation of character is indeed worthy of the man who was later to write "Jane Clegg" and "John Ferguson." The greatest fault of this earlier work is the failure to achieve crystallization of purpose and content. In this presentation of character the work of St. John Ervine is ably seconded by the remarkable cast which has been assembled by Mr. Augustin Duncan, who is not only the stage director of "Mixed Marriage" but also plays the leading male rôle, that of John Rainey. No less effective is the work of Margaret Wycherly, who plays the part of Rainey's wife.

John Rainey is a Protestant workingman of Cork. His older son, Hugh, falls in love with a Catholic, Nora Murray. His chum is also another Catholic, Michael O'Hara. A strike is called by the workmen in the shipyards, and Michael O'Hara persuades John Rainey

to take the leading part in helping Protestant and Catholic workmen to co-operate towards their common end. John Rainey, Orangeman though he is, and a stubborn one to boot, is flattered by his success in bringing the two factions together. All goes well until he discovers that his son is to marry Nora. Then his old animosities break forth, and he discovers in O'Hara's plea for co-operation a Popish plot designed to put the Protestants of Cork under the dominion of the Catholics. His renunciation of the cause of co-operation results in a riot in which Nora is killed and the cause of the workmen goes crashing down to disaster. John Rainey in his bigotry understands nothing of the effect which his blindness has had upon the course of events. In the face of the death of Nora and the failure of the strike he can only say, "I was right all the time." The character of his wife is not one which can easily be described. She is a commonplace woman with an intuition for the underlying verities of the situation. We suspect that in less able hands than those of Margaret Wycherly the part of Mrs. Rainey would not have been especially convincing. The tolerance and human understanding of Mrs. Rainey as played by Miss Wycherly made an admirable background for the heavy-handed and heavy-witted John Rainey of Augustin Duncan.

It is said that the play is to be moved from the intimate neighborliness of the Bramhall Playhouse to a Broadway theater. Whether the play is one which will carry in a larger theater than the one in which it is now appearing remains to be seen.

WITCHCRAFT IN 1921

ONCE in a while the readers of the daily press must open their eyes with astonishment as they glance from the news columns to the date lines, and question whether the date should not be 1621 instead of 1921.

There are to be found pagan lightning myths still current under the guise of witching for water with a hazel twig; astrologers still pay curious tribute to the influence of the moon and the stars; and once in a while there appears a recrudescence of that belief in witchcraft which blackened the records of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries.

As a matter of fact, these vermiform appendices of ancient superstitions are not much to be wondered at, for, unlike water, the rising tide of human intelligence does not find a common level. There are some people living to-day with neolithic minds, some with minds which belong in the days of the Spanish In-

sition, and there are some, fortunately, with minds which transcend the experience and knowledge of the twentieth century.

We are moved to these remarks by two items which recently appeared in the New York press. One item told the story of a mother who accused a neighbor of possessing the evil eye. This neighbor was charged by the complaining mother with having stolen her daughter's affection. The second item was of even a more striking nature. It told of a suit at law based upon a charge of real witchcraft. In this second instance the defendant was charged with having cast a spell upon a child, causing its limbs to wither away. Add the melting of a waxen image to the charge, and the story might have been taken from a witchcraft trial of the time of the great delusion.

After all, the belief in witchcraft, granted certain premises, is not as il-

logical as it may seem. The case for witchcraft is put cautiously but nevertheless positively in the Catholic Encyclopædia, a reference work which in most matters leans towards a liberal Catholicism. The Catholic Encyclopædia says:

The question of the reality of witchcraft is one upon which it is not easy to pass a confident judgment. In the face of Holy Scripture and the teaching of the Fathers and theologians the abstract possibility of a pact with the Devil and of a diabolical interference in human affairs can hardly be denied, but no one can read the literature of the subject without realizing the awful cruelties to which this belief led and without being convinced that in 99 cases out of 100 the allegations rest upon nothing better than pure delusion.

In other words, if the presence of evil in the world is to be explained by a belief in a personal devil and by an adherence to Miltonic theology, the step

towards a belief in the possibility of a compact with that devil is not difficult to effect. The point of view of the Catholic Encyclopædia is not an isolated one. The belief in "malicious animal magnetism" held by certain Christian Scientists is distinctly on all fours with the earlier explanation offered for certain psychological phenomena which the world of science has not yet succeeded in explaining. Not until we know much more than we do at present concerning hysteria and certain other forms of mental derangement can we hope to eliminate from all minds the fear of the evil eye and the belief in direct Satanic intervention in human affairs.

The problem of the existence of evil has perplexed philosophers and theologians in all ages. We should not be discouraged by the little we have learned. We should be stimulated by the vastness of the field of knowledge still left for us to conquer.

A CRACK AT THE JAW OF GENIUS

I

IF it was the object of Lawrence F. Abbott to start a riot on Grub Street, he used admirable methods in his article in The Outlook of December 29 entitled "A Musical Missionary." For in paragraph three of this otherwise delightful and instructive article, without the slightest warning, he doubles his fist, hauls off, and takes the following crack at the jaw of genius:

I have forgotten what the textbooks say, but I name the four great fine arts as follows: Painting, Sculpture (including Architecture), Poetry, and Music.

Taken literally, Mr. Abbott's words must the novel and the drama from the realm of great fine art, save when dramas written in iambic pentameter. He banishes prose from the class of great fine art, even the prose of the Bible itself.

The one who writes music, even though it be no more than a fiddler's jig, works in a medium that represents great fine art; while one who writes mere prose, even though it be such a novel as "Les Misérables," works in a medium that does not represent great fine art. Thomas Hardy, architect, worked in the field of a greater art than Thomas Hardy, author of "The Return of the Native." Robert Louis Stevenson only when grinding out riddles for children worked in the medium of a great art.

One is asked to believe that the Woolworth Building, being one of the best things to which we can point in American architecture, is a finer and greater work of art than "The Scarlet Letter," which is one of the best things we can point to in American prose. Stanford

White is glorified above Washington Irving, while Edith Wharton fades in critical appraisal before the one who drafted the plans for the Bush Terminal. "Vanity Fair" represents a lesser art than "September Morn," while the novels of Tolstoy shrink in artistic stature before the art medium in which Irving Berlin raps out his royalties.

John Barrymore, playing "Justice," chose a lesser art form than when he played the popular bedroom thing entitled "The Jest," since the latter was poetic in form.

Beethoven, conveying to the world his expression of life in the form of musical compositions, was a great artist. But if he had conveyed the same expression of life to us with equal power and understanding, but in the form of the novel, he could in nowise have been regarded as a great artist. Balzac and Flaubert and Turgenev lose stature as artists because their genius led them into another field than those tilled by Whistler, Paul Bartlett, James Whitcomb Riley, and Victor Herbert. The firm of Eliot and Eliot, architects of motion-picture theaters, are closer to art than George Eliot, creator of "Daniel Deronda." The wooden Indian in front of the cigar store, representing the art of sculpture, lords it over the Indians of James Fenimore Cooper. NOVELIST.

II

If Novelist's premises were correct, his conclusions would be irresistible. But his premises are wrong. "Fine Arts" and "fine art" are not synonymous phrases, as he apparently assumes. If Novelist is interested enough to look at one of the longest (and, let me confess, one of the driest) articles in the Encyclopædia Britannica—the article on

Fine Arts, by Sir Sidney Colvin, the friend and interpreter of Robert Louis Stevenson—he will find that "Fine Arts" is a phrase which philosophers, historians, and students of æsthetics have agreed to use in defining Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Music, and Poetry; for æsthetics has its species, varieties, and classifications, like botany and zoology. The prime function of the five Fine Arts (except Architecture, which has a pronounced utilitarian element) is to arouse emotions, not to convey ideas or facts. Thus to a certain extent putting five arts into a group and calling them the Fine Arts is a matter of arbitrary definition. Novelist has a perfect right to make his own definition, but it will not be very effective until he can get at least ten or twenty generations to agree with him. It must be said that Novelist, in his protest against what he thought was my supercilious treatment of his particular art, has a famous ally. Plato thought that shoemaking was a finer art than the "Fine Arts" because it was useful. On that basis, I doubt whether he would admit that the modern "best seller" among the novels is any kind of art—except perhaps an artful method of picking the pockets of a public too credulous of the newspaper puffers. I am pretty sure that he would say, if we could get him on the ouija, that James Fenimore Cooper's Indians are as wooden as those that used to decorate New York cigar stores in the days before the Tobacco Trust made smoking an industry instead of a fine art. Perhaps for that reason Cooper's novels ought to be included in the five great Fine Arts on the ground that they belong to the art of Sculpture.

L. F. A.

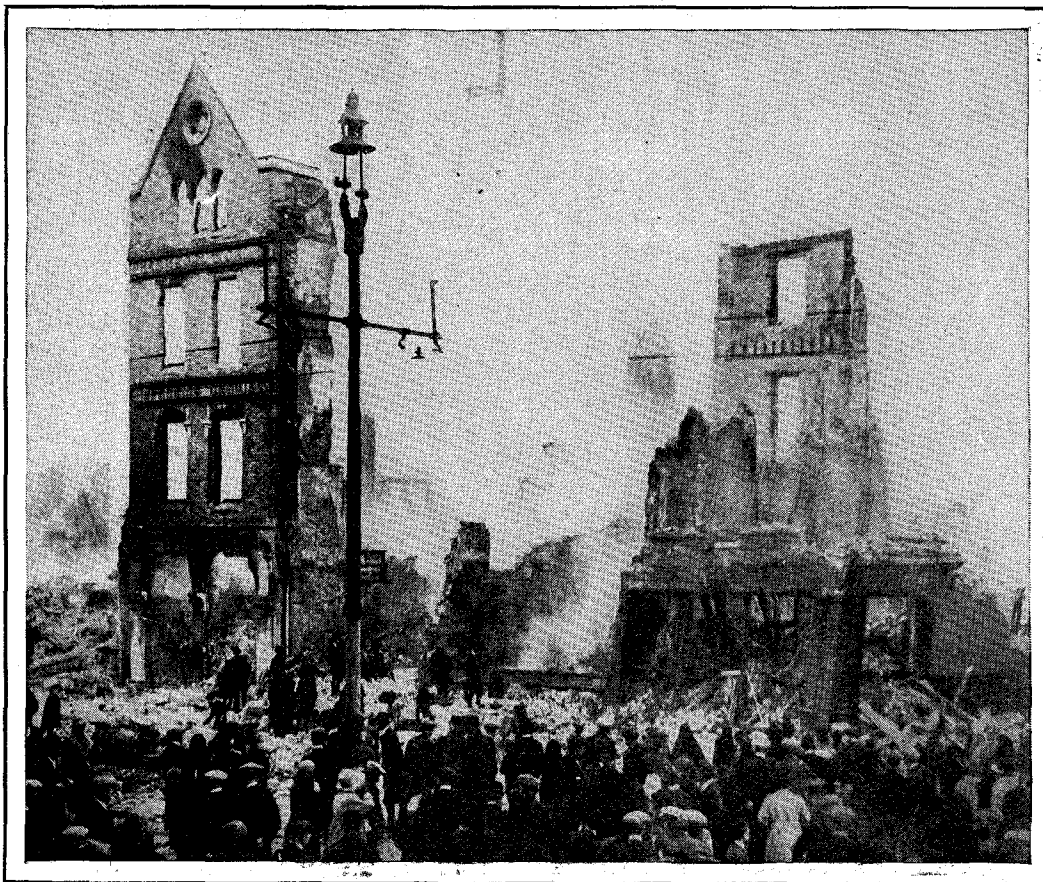
CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



From Elon Jessup, New York City

A MIDWINTER EXCURSION OF THE DARTMOUTH OUTING CLUB—CLIMBING MOUNT LAFAYETTE

Dartmouth students make a yearly trip in winter to some of the scenic points of the White Mountains. The scene depicted is in the Pemigewasset Valley, near the beginning of the "hike"



International

THE PEOPLE OF CORK, IRELAND, GAZING AT THE RUINS OF PART OF THEIR CITY

The scene is on Patrick Street, one of the principal thoroughfares of the city. Buildings covering an area of five acres are said to have been destroyed by the fire



(C) Underwood

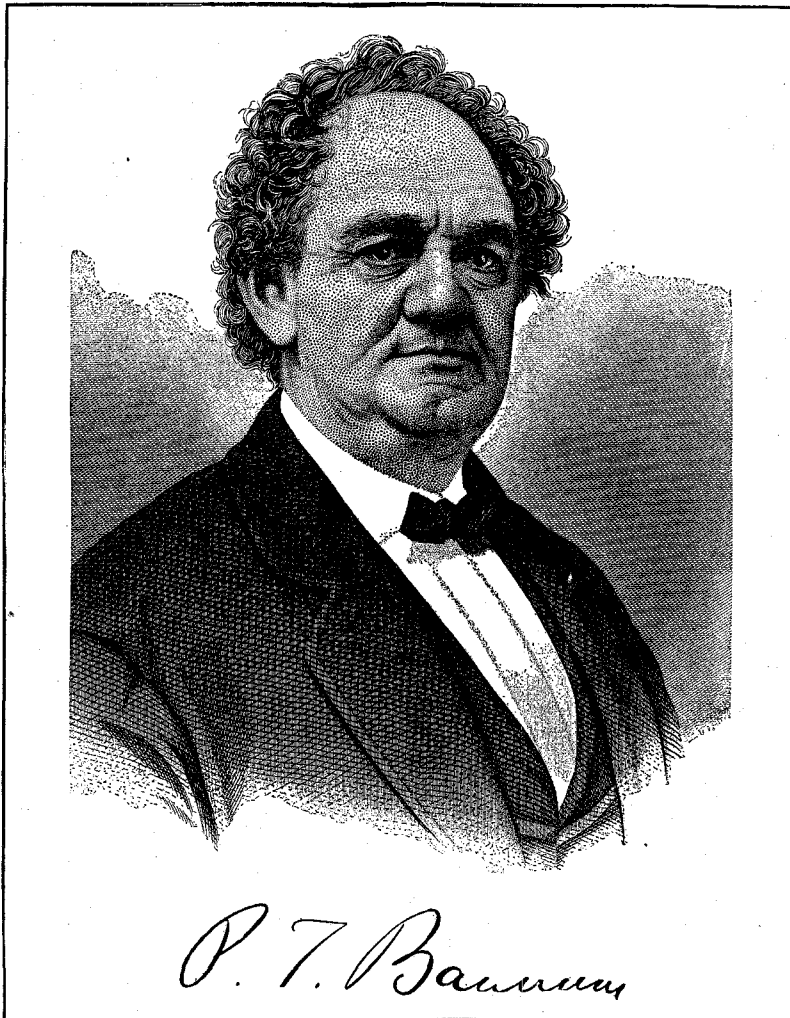
MOVING PLYMOUTH ROCK FROM AN ARTIFICIAL FOUNDATION TO ITS ORIGINAL BED

Some years ago the Rock was removed from its original site and placed at the base of a canopied monument. It has now been returned to its former bed and occupies the place where it is believed the Pilgrims landed

SNAP-SHOTS OF MY CONTEMPORARIES

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

P. T. BARNUM, SHOWMAN



From "Struggles and Triumphs," by P. T. Barnum

"He was frankly an entertainer, and not a reformer. If I am right in defining a good-natured man as a man who desires to make other people happy, then the word good-natured would adequately describe him"

I HAVE a liking for the faith of the small boy who said to his mother, "God must have laughed when he made a monkey." Why not? If we argue from the beauty in the world that the Creator has an appreciation of beauty, why not from the humor in humanity that the Creator has a sense of humor? I have read the story of a dancer who, being converted, thereafter expressed his devotion to the Virgin Mary by daily dancing before her as the best possible method of bringing her honor. Dickens has rendered a good service by his sympathetic picture of the life behind the curtain in his portrait of the Crummles family, and by his sympathetic picture of life in the sawdust ring by his portrait of Mr. Sleary. Let the reader of this article, then, understand the writer's point of view. There is a place in God's world for play, and the pro-

fessional entertainer is doing God service if he carries into his profession the spirit of honesty, generosity, and purity—that is, if he gives his audience their money's worth, treats his employees and associates with generosity, and rigorously excludes from his entertainments anything which panders to vice or tends to degradation.

In my collection of autographs, which number nearly if not quite a thousand, is the following characteristic letter from P. T. Barnum, written to me in answer to a request for some information concerning Tom Thumb:

Waldemere,
Bridgeport, Ct.,
Oct. 5, 1878.

Rev. Lyman Abbott:

Dear Sir—Your letter is read, and I with pleasure enclose an explanation of the T. T. matter.

By the way my big show opens at Gilmore's Garden on the 14th inst for a month & I hope you will take

occasion to see a really sound & interesting Exhibition. Truly yours,
P. T. BARNUM.

I call this letter¹ interesting not merely, not mainly, because it exhibits the born advertiser, but because it illustrates what I think was very characteristic of Mr. Barnum, his professional pride. He was a great showman, and he was proud of being a great showman; a great advertiser, and he had naïve pride in his curiously ingenious advertising schemes. He made it clear in his autobiography that he considered himself called to be a showman; the business came to him, he did not seek it out. Looking back from his first success as the creator of "Barnum Museum," he writes:

The business for which I was destined, and I believe made, had not yet come to me; or rather, I had not found that I was to cater for that insatiate want of human nature—the love of amusement; that I was to make a sensation on two continents; and that fame and fortune awaited me so soon as I should appear before the public in the character of a showman. These things I had not foreseen. I did not seek the position or the character. The business finally came in my way. I fell into the occupation, and far beyond any of my predecessors on this continent, I have succeeded.

He did not conduct his enterprise to elevate society. He was frankly a entertainer, and not a reformer. If I am right in defining a good-natured man as a man who desires to make other people happy, then the word good-natured would adequately describe him. He was desirous of making money and took at times what might be called a gambler's chance in making it. But he was much more than a mere money-maker. If from any entertainment which he provided the spectator had gone away disappointed, he would have regarded the entertainment as a failure, no matter what money brought him. His ideals were not at ways of the highest, but he lived up to them. He never sacrificed his self-respect in order to get the money of the public into his own pocket. He writes "As I always justly boasted, no one could visit my Museum and go away without feeling that he had received the full worth of his money." It was his ambition—and it was gratified—"to have men and women all over the country say: 'There is not another place in the United States where so much can be seen for twenty-five cents as in Barnum's American Museum.'"

When I came to New York City I

¹ The original is reproduced in facsimile on the front cover of this number.—The Editors.

1849 to enter the New York University, Barnum's American Museum was one of the best-known show places in the city. It was situated on the corner of Ann Street and Broadway, in what was then the center of a city which now has grown so great that it has no center, because it has many centers. Opposite it on Broadway was the best-known hotel in the city, the Astor House; three or four blocks to the north was the best-known restaurant, Delmonico's; between the two was "The Park," and in the Park the City Hall. The two most famous Episcopal churches of the city, Trinity and St. Paul's, were one five or six minutes' walk distant, the other on the corner opposite the Astor House. St. George's (Episcopal) and the Brick Church (Presbyterian) had a few years before moved farther uptown. The "Tribune" and the "Times" newspapers were close at hand. There were then no traffic policemen, and the picture which accompanies this article, taken by permission from Valentine's "Manual," represents a scene which might be witnessed at that point almost any hour of any day. In the afternoon a band of half a dozen pieces played on a balcony overhanging the street. At night a curious kaleidoscopic collection of highly colored and illuminated glasses was kept by some contrivance boiling and bubbling on the walls of the Museum.

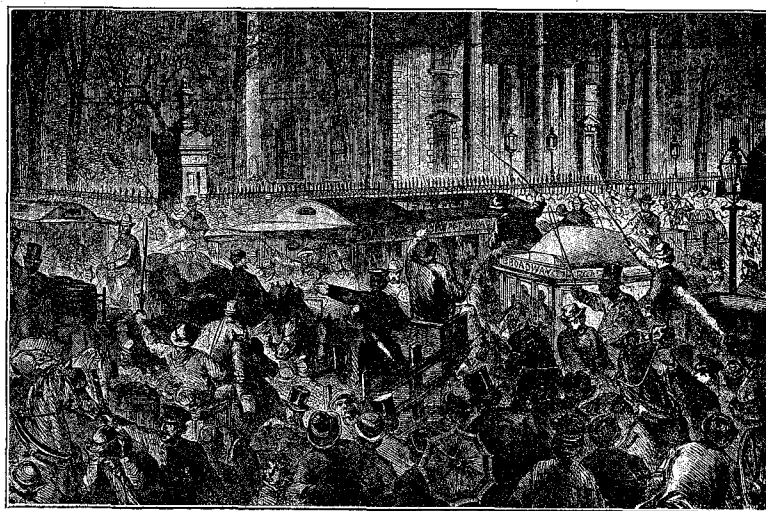
Within the Museum was a constantly increasing collection of all sorts of curiosities, real and spurious, natural and artificial. This was long before the days of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Natural History Museum, and before the days when those serious and instructive unadvertised collections would have drawn any such group of spectators as they now draw. It was a more credulous, perhaps a more curious, age. Periodically the newspapers took up the question, Is there a sea serpent? for serious discussion. When, therefore, Mr. Barnum advertised a "Feejee Mermaid," the people thronged to see it. In truth, it was a curiosity, though an artificial one. A naturalist whose judgment on it he obtained replied that "he could not conceive how it could have been manufactured, for he never saw a monkey with such peculiar teeth, arms, hands, etc., and he never saw a fish with such peculiar fins; but he did not believe in mermaids." But it served Mr. Barnum's purpose; it advertised his Museum. He subsequently concluded that it was a product of Japanese ingenuity. He purchased for \$200 a model of Niagara Falls in which the proportions of the falls, the hills, rocks, buildings, etc., in the vicinity were given with mathematical accuracy, "while the absurdity was in introducing 'real water' to represent the falls." When the Water Commissioners summoned him to pay an extra water tax, he showed them that the water flowed back into a res-

ervoir, from which it was pumped up to repeat its service. "A single barrel of water, if my pump was in good order, would furnish my falls for a month." The hazard and expense of new enterprises did not daunt him. He learned of the capture of a white whale at or near the mouth of the St. Lawrence; sent up an expedition; captured two; built a tank of salt water in the basement of the Museum; and while they lived they proved a paying feature.

These attractions served as advertisements, but he did not depend upon them. As an inventive advertiser he has had, I rather think, no equal in the history of American advertisers. A tramp applied to him for a job; would be glad to do anything for a dollar a day. Barnum gave him a breakfast, then told him to lay a brick on the corner of Broadway and Ann Street, another close by the Museum, a third on the corner of Broadway and Vesey Street, and a fourth on the sidewalk in front of St. Paul's Church; then with a fifth brick in hand to "take up a rapid march from one to the other, making the circuit, exchanging your brick at every point and say nothing to any one." At the end of an hour the sidewalk was packed with curious people watching the inexplicable proceeding and enough of the number followed the brick-layer at the end of each cycle into the Museum to more than pay for his hire. The profit to Mr. Barnum was in the talk created and the consequent free advertising of the Museum. He announced baby shows with prizes for the finest baby, the fattest, the handsomest. Emulous mothers crowded the Museum and the reports of the baby shows found their way into the newspapers far and near. He set an elephant in charge of a keeper in Oriental costume plowing on a six-acre lot close beside the track of the New York and New Haven Railroad. The keeper was furnished with a time-table, and did his plowing when

trains were passing. A friendly farmer criticised him for his folly. "Your elephant," he said, "can't draw as much as two pair of my oxen can." "You are mistaken, my friend," replied Mr. Barnum; "he can draw more than forty yoke of oxen; for he can draw the attention of twenty millions of American citizens to Barnum's Museum!"

One important feature of the Museum was its "Lecture Room." The theater had a bad name, and thousands of people came every year to New York City who would not go to a theater but who were delighted to go to Barnum's Lecture Room to be entertained by what in these days would be called a vaudeville performance. They included "educated dogs, industrious fleas, automata, jugglers, ventriloquists, living statuary, tableaux, gypsies, albinos, fat boys, giants, dwarfs, rope-dancers," and the like. But from the first the Lecture Room differed from the average theater—certainly the cheaper ones—in more than a name. Barnum forbade what was common at that time—the setting apart of a certain section of the house, popularly known as the "third tier," where women of the town might ply their trade. He would allow no bar upon the premises, and, finding some of his patrons going out, as was the custom, for a drink between the acts, he ceased giving return checks to such as went out. My shadowy recollection of that time confirms his claim that he allowed on the stage no indelicacies of costume and no salacious dialogues. When the reputation of the Lecture Room was established, he substituted for the "educated dogs, industrious fleas," and the like, "moral dramas" such as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Drunkard." In his Philadelphia Museum, where the prejudice against the theater was greater than in New York, the Lecture Room was very popular; and when "The Drunkard" was being played there was a temperance pledge at the box-office which thousands signed,



From "Valentine's Manual, 1918-1919"

BROADWAY AND FULTON STREET NEAR BARNUM'S MUSEUM IN 1866

"When I came to New York City in 1849 to enter New York University, Barnum's Museum was one of the best-known show places in the city. . . . There were then no traffic policemen"



From "Struggles and Triumphs," by P. T. Barnum

"He set an elephant in charge of a keeper in Oriental costume plowing on a six-acre lot close beside the track of the New York and New Haven Railroad. The keeper was furnished with a time-table, and did his plowing when trains were passing"

and in his autobiography he tells us, "Almost every hour during the day and evening women could be seen bringing their husbands to the Museum to sign the pledge."

Mr. Barnum had inherited from his father and grandfather an irrepressible fondness for practical jokes, and he sometimes played them upon the public. But he always did it in such a fashion that the public enjoyed the joke with him. That his "humbuggery" did not impair the public faith in his commercial honesty is sufficiently established by two incidents. When he wanted to buy Scudder's American Museum, which was financially a failure but which he believed he could make a financial success, he borrowed the necessary \$15,000 on his personal credit, giving as security the purchased collection; and when eight years later, in order to carry out his contract with Jenny Lind, he had to deposit in the hands of her bankers in London the sum of \$187,500, he borrowed a considerable portion of the sum largely on the confidence which American bankers had in his commercial ability and his financial honesty.

I have defined Mr. Barnum as a good-natured man and defined a good-natured man as one who desires to make other men happy. This is not the highest ambition of which man is capable, but it is a not unworthy ambition, and in Mr. Barnum it appeared not only in his resolve to send away contented all those who came to his entertainments, but also in his resolve to make his associates and his employees sharers in his happiness. The cynics may say that this is good business. I think it is. But not every one has sufficient faith in this principle as good business to practice it. A slight illustration of Mr. Barnum's faith in it is furnished by his giving a dollar and a half a day to the brick-laying tramp, who only asked for a dollar a day; a better illustration,

by his steady increase in Tom Thumb's share in the profits of their joint enterprise as its increasing profitableness became manifest. But the most striking illustration is that furnished by his proposal to Jenny Lind to change the contract between them after the first auction sale of tickets had taken place and before the first concert. This change I copy from Mr. Barnum's autobiography:

On the Tuesday after her arrival I informed Miss Lind that I wished to make a slight alteration in our agreement. "What is it?" she asked in surprise?

"I am convinced," I replied, "that our enterprise will be much more successful than either of us anticipated. I wish, therefore, to stipulate that you shall receive not only \$1,000 for each concert besides all the expenses, as heretofore agreed on, but after taking \$5,500 per night for expenses and my services, the balance shall be equally divided between us."

Jenny looked at me with astonishment. She could not comprehend my proposition. After I had repeated it and she fully understood its import, she cordially grasped me by the hand, and exclaimed, "Mr. Barnum, you are a gentleman of honor; you are generous; it is just as Mr. Bates told me; I will sing for you as long as you please; I will sing for you in America—in Europe—anywhere."

Mr. Barnum ends the narrative of his engagement with her by a financial statement of the "total receipts, excepting of concerts devoted to charity." They are given in detail. We report only the totals:

Jenny Lind's net avails of 95 concerts.....	\$176,675.09
P. T. Barnum's gross receipts after paying Miss Lind	535,486.25
Total receipts of 95 concerts	\$712,161.34

Mr. Barnum does not state what his

net profits were; but as he paid all the expenses, including traveling expense and hotel bills for Jenny Lind and the entire musical company, the amount to be deducted from the gross receipts must have been considerable.

That Mr. Barnum recognized the human values as well as the commercial possibilities of his "natural curiosities" is evident from his relations with the famous dwarf, "General Tom Thumb." Mr. Barnum's own name for Charles Stratton, whom he discovered as a child of five and so trained that when the boy went some two years later to be exhibited in France Mr. Barnum won a judgment from the authorities that the "General's" presentation of various characters in costume entitled him to be counted an actor and therefore liable only for the eleven per cent "theatrical license" and not the twenty-five per cent license for "natural curiosities." From the European tour from which they returned in 1847, when the "little General" was ten years of age, Tom Thumb's father had acquired a fortune from which he settled a large sum upon his valuable son. Some ten years later, when Mr. Barnum "failed" as the result of an extensive real estate development enterprise, among the letters of friendly offers which came to him was the following:

Jones' Hotel, Philadelphia,
May 12, 1856.

My dear Mr. Barnum.—I understand your friends, and that means "all creation," intend to get up some benefits for your family. Now, my dear sir, just be good enough to remember that I belong to that mighty crowd, and I must have a finger (or at least a "thumb") in that pie. I am bound to appear on all such occasions in some shape, from "Jack the Giant Killer," up stairs, to the doorkeeper down, whichever may serve you best; and there are some feats that I can perform as well as any other man of my inches. I have just started out on my western tour, and have my carriage, ponies and assistants all here, but I am ready to go on to New York, bag and baggage, and remain at Mrs. Barnum's service as long as I, in my small way, can be useful. Put me into any "heavy" work, if you like. Perhaps I cannot lift as much as some other folks, but just take your pencil in hand and you will see I can draw a tremendous load. I drew two hundred tons at a single pull today, embracing two thousand persons, whom I hauled up safely and satisfactorily to all parties, at one exhibition. Hoping that you will be able to fix up a lot of magnets that will attract all New York, and volunteering to sit on any part of the loadstone, I am, as ever, your little but sympathizing friend,

GEN. TOM THUMB.

Although Mr. Barnum felt compelled to refuse this offer, he could hardly have forgotten it. When he had so far recovered himself that he was free to do so, he again went abroad, taking with him the "little General," repeating the former successes, and canceling his

indebtedness at the end of four years. In 1862 the General had a country home in Bridgeport where he spent his "intervals of rest with his horses, and especially with his yacht, for his fondness for the water was his great passion." On one of his trips to New York, upon which occasions he always visited the Museum and Mr. Barnum, he met a recent acquisition of the showman, Lavinia Warren, a dwarf, a "most intelligent and refined young lady, well educated and an accomplished, beautiful and perfectly developed woman in miniature." With the hearty sympathy of Mr. Barnum the young people shortly became engaged and Miss Warren was released from her contract to go abroad for exhibition. Moreover, although Mr. Barnum "did not hesitate to seek continued advantage from the notoriety of the prospective marriage," when his offer of fifteen thousand dollars if they would postpone the wedding for a month was declined, he did not lose his human interest with the monetary loss.

"It was suggested to me," Mr. Barnum explained, "that a small fortune in itself could be easily made out of the excitement. 'Let the ceremony take place in the Academy of Music, charge a big price for admission, and the citizens will come in crowds.' I have no manner of doubt that in this way twenty-five thousand dollars would easily have been obtained. But I had no such thought. I had promised to give the couple a genteel and graceful wedding, and I kept my word."

The ceremony took place in Grace Church, in the presence of an audience of ladies and gentlemen admitted only by cards of invitation, even to the exclusion of a highly irate pew owner, who afterwards wrote the rector a sharp letter of protest and received



From "Struggles and Triumphs," by P. T. Barnum

"The ceremony took place in Grace Church, in the presence of an audience of ladies and gentlemen admitted only by cards of invitation. . . . Not a ticket was sold"

from him a sharp though perfectly courteous and dignified reply. Numerous applications were made for tickets to witness the ceremony and as high as sixty dollars was offered for a single admission; but not a ticket was sold, and to the charge brought by disgruntled critics that the marriage was

a money-making scheme Mr. Barnum made the following characteristically good-natured reply:

"It was by no means an unnatural circumstance that I should be suspected of having instigated and brought about that marriage of Tom Thumb with Lavinia Warren. Had I done this, I should at this day have felt no regrets, for it has proved, in an eminent degree, one of the 'happy marriages.'"

If this were a sketch of Mr. Barnum's life, it would be fatally defective, for I have said nothing of his temperance activities, his patriotic services during the Civil War, or his battle, when a member of the Connecticut Legislature, against political corruption of a formidable description. But I have deliberately confined myself to a sketch of his professional career as Showman, in which he did nothing to degrade, something to elevate, and much to entertain his generation.

Hardly a greater contrast can be imagined than that between P. T. Barnum, the enterprising and jocose showman, and the gentle mystic, John Greenleaf Whittier. Next week in his "Snap-Shot" Dr. Abbott will picture the Quaker poet as he saw him.

OUR CHANCE NEXT DOOR

THE OPPORTUNITY THAT OFFERS AFTER REVOLUTION FOR RECONSTRUCTION IN MEXICO

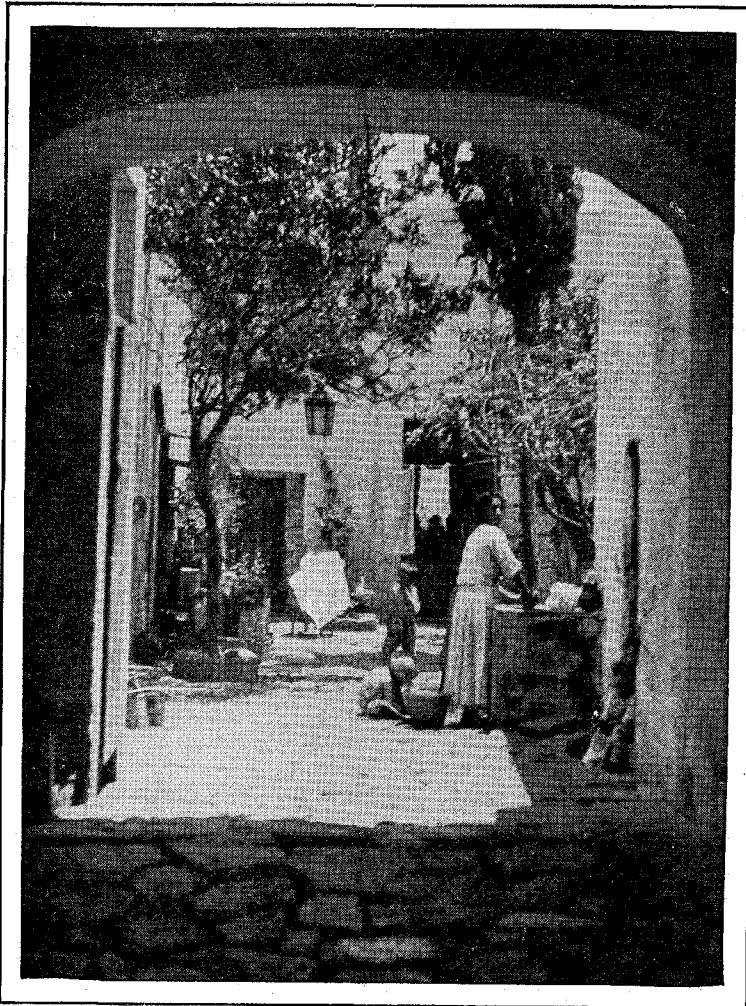
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

MEXICO is so near we have overlooked it. We know more of Japan and the Japanese than we do of our next-door neighbor. We do not know Mexico. We misunderstand and misinterpret Mexico. We do not effectively hear the cry for help from a people seventy-five per cent of whom are illiterate, with the masses in squalor and wretchedness beyond words. President Obregon's administration is largely to settle whether in Mexico there shall be revolution or peace, democracy and hope or despotism; and despair; a nest of Bolshevism just over

the line or social order; disease, with the ravages of yellow fever, bubonic plague, and typhus, or health along our border.

Recent revolutions have been not merely waves of sentiment that have swept one set of officials out of the way to make room for another group, as in other years. They have been the waves of a mighty tide out of the heart of a people blindly but surely moving on toward freedom, equity, and a chance for a living and the larger life. The particular wave may break and recede, but the rising tide in the long

run always reaches the mark. The people believe they have won in the person and triumphant election of Obregon. Not a soldier guarded the polls. The army is being reduced. Obregon has discarded his uniform to emphasize the civil character of his administration. He believes in the people and has their needs in his thought and plans. He insists that his chief mission is to help the people. His firmly expressed desire for friendship, co-operation, and good will with the United States seems to open an era of peace. He has come over to the border to clasp hands with



A PATIO OF A HOME OF THE POOR IN PUEBLA, NEAR THE SITE OF A NEW CHURCH SCHOOL

us. It is an opportune time for our people to go more than half-way, to be real neighbors and to reach out a helping hand to a nation that for ten years has been ravaged by revolution. We have next door a chance for service to a war-stricken people as well as over the sea.

There is clear evidence that Mexico is now wide open to a modern gospel

of Christian education and social service that shall interpret the awakening spiritual and intellectual hunger of a rising people. For example: On my arrival for dedication of the new church school building at Papalotla, a town of three thousand inhabitants fifteen miles out from Puebla, a gun boomed out from the stone fort and bombs sounded for a mile along the way. People

thronged the road. Was it a bandit attack on the bishop and his company? No. It was the glad acclaim of the people, welcoming him and General Maximo Rojas, their ex-Governor and the commander of the State military forces, with other State representatives, who had come to participate in the dedication of a Christian school. There were two brass bands, and that means good music, for the Mexicans have genuine musical genius. There was a company of armed soldiers with four splendid silk State and national banners. Children strewed flowers in the way. Five hundred people were present. The songs and addresses gave a note of high jubilation. And all this under the auspices of an American Church. Thus Mexico eagerly welcomes our help.

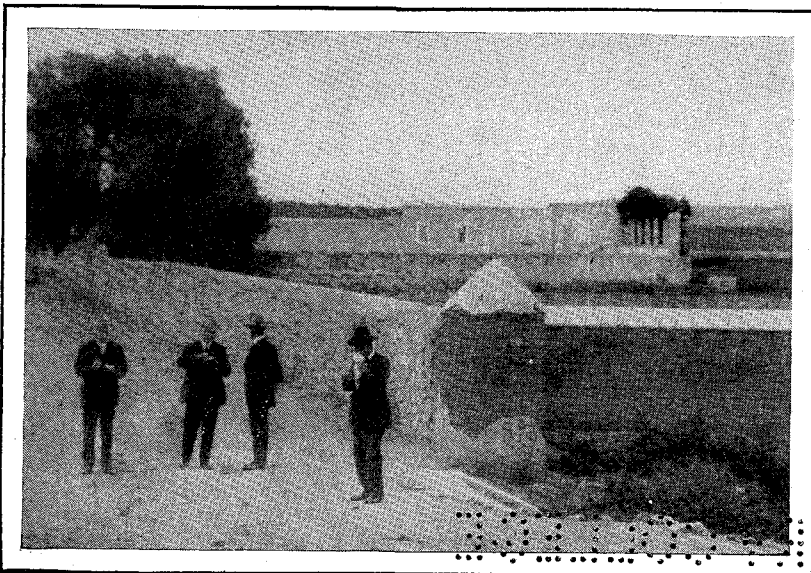
What are the needs of Mexico? A study of the field reveals four ways in which we may help our sister Republic.

First, not through sectarian antagonism and proselyting, but through a clear, positive preaching of the Gospel with its message of hope and saving grace. "The entrance of thy Word giveth light." And the people are hungry for the Word.

Second, there is a call for religious social centers that shall reach the desolate homes and empty, hungry lives of the people through dispensaries, hospitals, day nurseries, playgrounds, and reading-rooms. "Thy Kingdom come on earth," said the Master.

Third, a fundamental need is the establishment in several States at strategic centers of farm schools for peons. The land problem is fundamental. The peon has been dispossessed of millions of acres. One hundred estates own one hundred million acres; six thousand people hold five hundred and fifty-six thousand square miles. President Obregon plans to purchase some of these vast estates and to sell the land on long-term payment to the peon farmer. The peasantry of France is the backbone of that Republic, and land ownership will broaden the base of Mexican democracy and create an enlightened and trustworthy public opinion. There are no agricultural schools for the training of the peasantry and teachers for the peon farm group. Our mission now owns a farm and the uncovered walls of vast buildings with a capacity for 400 students right at the station of Queretaro, where railways radiate to a number of States. A moderately small sum will equip such a school as will be an example to all central Mexico.

Another need is a foundation on the same general basis as the Jeanes Foundation, that has transformed in a quarter century the common school system among a backward people in the Southern States. Unless the schools are reinforced and the people through some such programme of service are awakened to a sense of their educational needs the future of Mexico is far from hopeful. Even in the towns two-thirds of the children are without school privi-



THE SITE AND OLD BUILDINGS AT QUERETARO OF THE PROPOSED FARM SCHOOL

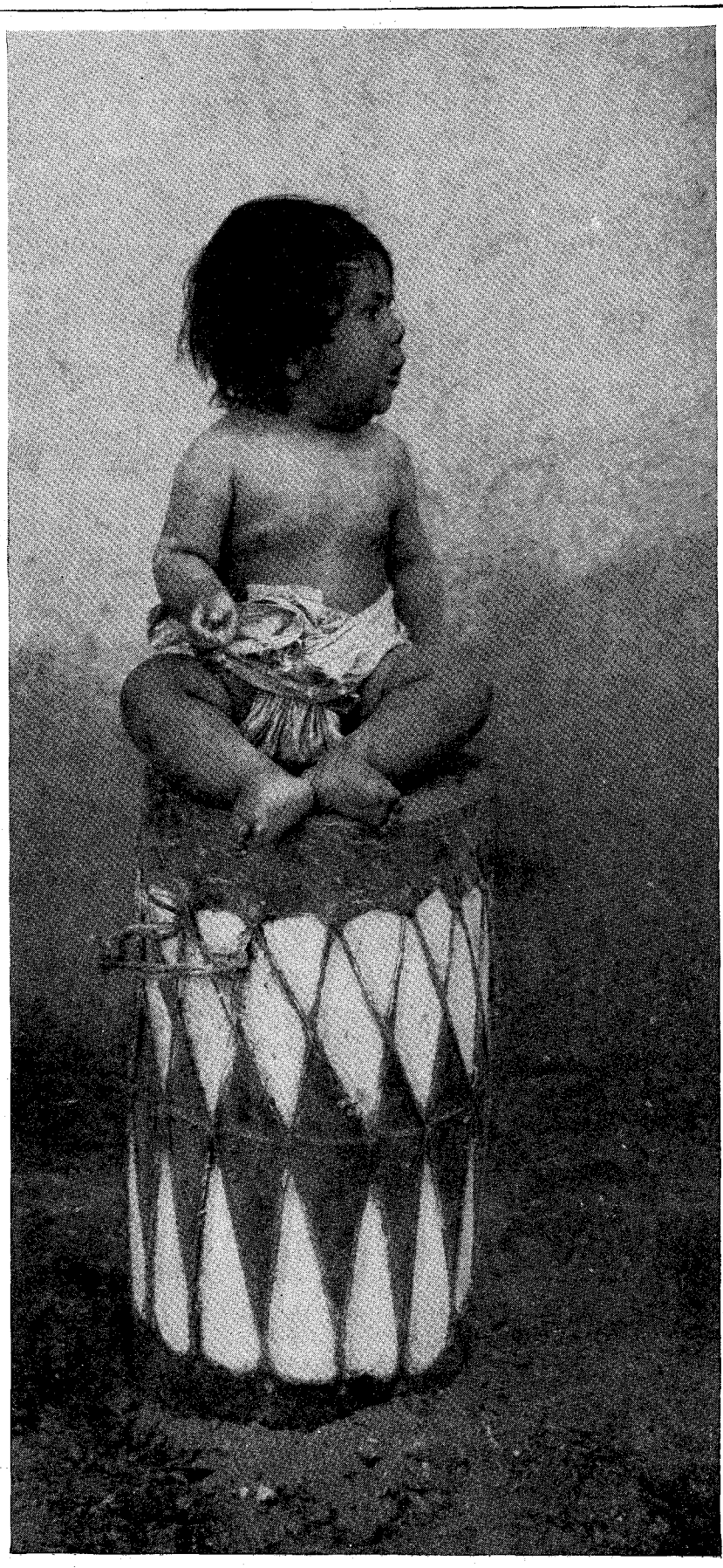
eges. It is far worse in the country. There is some evidence that our great corporate interests that now own seventy-three per cent of the oil wells and eighty-two per cent of the mines, with holdings of one billion dollars and more, are getting a vision of their obligation, and immense opportunity in changing these conditions. United States capital has done much in developing the material resources of Mexico. The way seems now opening to an opportunity for unmeasured service in quickening the social, intellectual, and moral development of the people.

In the fourth place, this Nation is under bonds to Mexico. We have been more of a big boss than a big brother. We have taken, exclusive of Texas, 20,000 square miles of her territory, extending from the border of Texas on to the golden shores of the Pacific. Mexico now is our menace and our opportunity. Our menace in that one-fifth of her population have spilled over our border. Ignorance, disease, low moral standards, a degraded womanhood, and a low standard of home life are a menace. Our opportunity is to help Mexico to realize her latent possibilities. Her people show intellectual gifts, unusual artistic talent, specially in music and drawing, and so little mechanical genius. The immediate need is an adequate school system. Is it too much to hope that the United States, under conditions agreeable to both nations, thoroughly safeguarding the funds for school uses, shall make to Mexico a long-time loan, at a low rate of interest, of, say, 20,000,000? On invitation we should also lend a small group of our most competent and trusted educators for the schools of our sister Republic. Self-interest has led us to do this in the Philippines. Let an altruistic spirit and a sense of justice and neighborly good will incline us to do this for Mexico.

To enlarge upon the second urgent need, of centers for social service, it is a matter of astonishment that after nearly a half-century of missionary work by the several denominations here is not a single well-equipped social settlement in any Mexican city.

Yet here is a form of service that will most readily open doors of entrance into the homes and lives of people. The claims of an ennobled motherhood and redeemed child life have been largely ignored. Such forms of social service will lead the dominant Church into neglected fields of service, and a favorable reaction upon a Church that holds the allegiance of millions must ever be kept in view if a nation is ever to be redeemed. All such work should be constructive and on a basis as broad as the charity of Almighty God and ever imbued with the tolerant, helpful spirit of Jesus Christ.

I have in view such a settlement in Mexico City in what is agreed to be a strategic center, where the mission now



TESQUE BABY AND WAR DRUM. EDUCATE THE ONE AND DISCARD THE OTHER

owns a quarter of a block with the stone walls of former extensive Spanish buildings, which only need to be roofed and fitted up for service. Here we would reach a dense population through a dispensary, an operating room, a small hospital, a nursery for babies otherwise neglected by mothers forced to labor, each baby opening the door into a mother's heart and a mother's home. Nurses and deaconesses would follow up this work throughout the community, entering open doors with the gospel of sanitation, child welfare, healing, and saving grace through the open Word for spiritual comfort and help. There will be a gymnasium, recreation and reading rooms, and a playground. When the need of playgrounds was presented to the president of the Municipal Council some months since, he said: "Go pick out two public squares for

your playgrounds and, as a token of our American spirit and good will, we shall call one Washington and the other Lincoln." There will be ample room in these buildings for the head of the settlement, nurses, and teachers. The entire plan will head up in an impressive church in Spanish style, appealing to a people with a genuine feeling for ecclesiastical architecture. This will be surmounted by an electric cross, the first in the city. One man has agreed to erect the cross and keep it ablaze, with its message of hope shining for miles up and down Aztecas Avenue. We shall not try to reach the whole city, but shall center our work, after careful survey, on fifteen or twenty blocks. Into these homes we shall strive to bring such a message of the light and love of God as to illustrate and enforce the transformations

possible through intensive Christian service.

WILBUR PATTERSON THIRKIELD,
Bishop of the Methodist
Episcopal Church.

Mexico City.

[We may add to Bishop Thirkield's letter the statement that we have seen his plans for a social settlement in the City of Mexico, and they are both practical and, what is quite as important, architecturally beautiful. American churchmen of Puritan ancestry have too often forgotten that there is a mighty deal of religious inspiration in the famous lines from Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn:"

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that
is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need
to know.

—THE EDITORS.]



A MEXICAN, ONCE A BAREFOOTED ROUSTABOUT, NOW A PRODUCT OF AMERICAN EDUCATION, WITH HIS FAMILY

IN THE RECTOR'S STUDY

BY FRANK ELMER WILSON

MEMORIES OF SOME PLAUSIBLE CROOKS

"GOOD-DAY, sir, and thank you, sir"—and away he went with a ticket in his pocket good for fifteen cents at a neighboring restaurant.

Two things about this man were perfectly plain. First, he had lied to me; and, second, he certainly was hungry. In view of the latter I was nothing loth to overlook the former, though it was a bit discouraging to think that a man would resort to a patently inconsistent story for the sake of a meal ticket, when the truth would have served him quite as well. It was not, I think, that the man preferred an untruth, but simply that he was playing his game according to the generally accepted rules, one of which was that in approaching a clergyman a good story would always go down.

In this my visitor was not far distant in principle from many people in better circumstances, who harbor a kind of superstition that a clergyman is a different sort of person from any one else.

By virtue of his profession he is supposed to think only very lofty thoughts and to cultivate an impractical etherealism to a remarkable degree. Only books on very ponderous topics are recommended to him; painfully serious reflections on the faults and frailties of mankind clutter up the freedom of conversation with him; and for his edification only the most high-class gramophone records in the house are produced, when it may well be that the poor man longs for the relaxation of the joyful rhythm of some popular airs. That he might be interested in politics or baseball or the manufacture of steel ingots doesn't seem to occur to them, and of course it is axiomatic that he knows nothing about business. Said a well-known bishop on a certain occasion: "I have to do with a great many vestries made up of business men, and I have yet to meet the vestry to whom I could not give cards and spades and then stump them on the business end of the church."

So the fellow with the itching palm inherits certain traditions which lead him to consider the clergy as his natural and legitimate prey. He seems to act on the assumption that upon entering the ministry the clergyman has promptly taken leave of all his common sense, and may be prodigiously imposed upon by the most obviously impossible tales. If it turns out that the clergyman insists on exercising the intelligence with which Heaven has endowed him, then the disappointed caller feels very badly used indeed. I have had men with breath strong enough to flavor the whole room solemnly declare that it was against their principles to touch a single drop. I have had men reeking with the fumes of bad whisky reluctantly admit that they had been forced to an undesired glass of beer in order to avoid starvation by access to the free-lunch counter. In my younger days I have had bedraggled fellows come with about the usual story, and have good-naturedly

given them a little money, only to be harassed for the next couple of days by a succession of their duplicates. Finally I would send one of them away with an abrupt refusal, and then the procession would cease. Some of them plead distress as living examples of injured virtue. Others play the straightforward story and tell candidly in the first breath that they are bad characters. In a small town in the Middle West a man in a sadly battered condition stopped me on the street one day. "Your reverence," he said, with cordial heartiness, "I came over here from G—— last night with a bunch of fellows, and I got most awfully drunk. You can see for yourself what they did to me. Now I haven't a cent of money in my pocket, and if I don't get back to-day I'll lose my job."

But for the most part they indulge merely in petty trickery to secure a few cents without physical exertion, and a good many of them seem to accept it as a perfectly natural method. I knew a clergyman to whom a rough-looking man came one day in search of work. He was promptly handed a card with the comforting assurance that it would introduce him to all the work he could possibly do. But the place named on the card was a long distance away, much too far to walk, and the necessary car-fare had to be forthcoming. A day or two later a lady in his congregation met this clergyman, and asked if a man had come to him for money on the afternoon in question. He replied that a man had done so, but wondered how she knew of it. "I was passing a saloon that afternoon," she said, "and there were several men standing by the door. Just as I came within hearing one of them remarked, 'Well, I guess I'll have a drink.' 'Where will you get any money for a drink?' another of the group asked him. 'Oh, I'm going to the little preacher around the corner and touch him for a nickel.'" And he did.

Now and then some of them rise to real heights in their efforts. They both aspire to larger sums of money and also often exhibit commendable powers of the imagination in their determination to secure them. Frequently, to be sure, they overstep themselves and produce a story which is practically impossible for any one to swallow. But here and there crops up an unexpected ingenuity which makes certain cases stand out in bold relief from the usual drab uniformity of forlorn hopes.

Here, for instance, is a case in point. A young man came to my home early one afternoon, and with a most becoming ease of manner seated himself in the most comfortable chair in the room, leaned back his head, crossed his legs, and smiled at me engagingly. He was tall, thin, and shabbily dressed, but had a certain air about him which tended greatly to disarm suspicion. I could not quite determine whether his lined face and sunken cheeks were the result of dissipation or illness. He

spoke slowly and evenly and with the slightest touch of a Southern accent.

"I haven't come to you to ask money," he began, "but in search of help of a different kind. You can understand when I tell you something of myself. My father is rector of St. ——'s Episcopal Church in Washington, D. C. I'm the youngest member of the family, and I must confess that I am the black sheep." The engaging smile continued to play over his face during the recital. The man certainly spoke well. "Contrary to the wishes and advice of my father, I left home several years ago and wandered from place to place seeing the country, and living by bits of occasional employment. I got along well enough in this way for some time, but a few months ago I was taken ill. I had been working in the Illinois coal mines, and typhoid fever took me and laid me up for nearly two months. By the time I was able to be around again I had very little money left. I came here to Chicago in search of work which would not be so hard on me until I could recover my strength, but work seems to be very scarce, and I find I am not as strong as I had supposed. I have been thinking it all over to-day, and I have concluded that my father was right and I was wrong. Now I have made up my mind to go back home and acknowledge it."

"I think I understand," I said, after a few minor questions to verify the several points of his story. "Now what is it you want me to do about it?"

"It's like this," he replied. "My father has told me that he will pay my expenses back home whenever I am willing to brace up and take a fresh start. But, you see, he has lost confidence in me during the past few years and he would never send the money directly to me. All I want of you is permission to use your name. I will write my father this afternoon, tell him of my desire to return home, and ask him to send a check to you. Then I would like to have you buy my ticket for me. That plan, I think, will quiet all his fears until I can reach him and convince him of my change of heart."

"Very well," I said. "I shall be glad to do what I can. Let me write down your father's name and address. To-day is Monday. Come back here Friday morning. By that time we should have an answer. And be sure to mail your letter this afternoon."

The young man thanked me very naturally and sauntered easily down the street.

I went straight to my clerical directory and found the name and address of the rector of St. ——'s Church, Washington, D. C., just as my visitor had given them. Then I went to my typewriter and wrote the rector a long letter, describing the man and giving the main points of his story. I added that if the man were his son I should be only too glad to do anything I could for him, but that I realized the possibility of fraud, involving the for-

warding of a bogus check, and culminating in my discomfiture and financial embarrassment. Therefore would the rector kindly wire me at once as to whether or not the man was his son, and, if so, what he would like me to do for him?

On Wednesday afternoon the telegram came, saying simply, "Man not my son." Armed with this, I awaited my visitor's return. But he anticipated our appointment and came on Thursday afternoon when I was out. Whether his suspicions were aroused or not I do not know. He never put in another appearance.

A day or two later I received a letter from the rector in Washington. He explained that he had a son by the name which my man had given, but that he was teaching in a New England school. My description of my visitor, however, was easily recognized. He was a young man who had visited at the rector's home frequently, but who had fallen into evil ways and had dropped out of sight. Evidently he was making capital of a former friendship.

This is one variety of the ingenious fraud. There are many others of them and they are by no means confined to the male sex. Women are apt to be just as brazen in deceit, only it is a more delicate matter to probe their stories with a string of doubting questions. I recall the case of one woman which brings with it a touch of amusement at the expense of a brother of the cloth. It was eleven o'clock one evening, as I was just turning out the light in my study, that the door-bell rang. I opened the door myself, and there entered a woman of about middle age, plainly but neatly dressed. She sat down wearily, and in an appealing voice asked me what a poor woman in her plight could do. It seemed that the night before she had come from a small town in Michigan, and on her exit from the train had in some strange fit of absent-mindedness left her handbag in the seat she had occupied. She had come to Chicago to meet her daughter, who was an actress, and who was on her way from the West to play an engagement at a local theater. They were to meet at a downtown hotel, but something must have happened to detain the actress, for she had not yet arrived. The mother had gone straight from her train to the hotel in hopes that her daughter might be there to provide for her until she could receive more money from home. For, with her handbag lost, she had only fifty cents left, which happened to be tucked away in a coat pocket. This was insufficient, of course, to keep her at the downtown hotel, and her heart sank as she realized that she was alone in a strange place without friends and without money. After a wearisome search she had finally discovered a cheap hotel where she could secure a room for fifty cents a day. There she had spent the night, and in the morning she had walked to the railway sta-



Etched by Earl Horter

IN THE ITALIAN QUARTER, NEW YORK CITY

"At present the British strain," wrote Sir Arthur Shipley in the course of his article printed in The Outlook last week, "tends to become swamped by an overflowing immigration from Central and Eastern Europe. The percentage of British descent is diminishing, and many who have the welfare of the United States at heart wish that it should be increased." And this week Sir Arthur notes among his observations the acute overcrowding of American cities.

tion to inquire at the office for her bag. No one had seen it. Repeated inquiries for her daughter during the day had brought only negative responses at the downtown hotel. Now it was late at night and she had no place to go and was entirely out of funds. She was in despair and did not know which way to turn.

"Why did you come to me?" I asked her.

"The girl at the desk in the hotel gave me your name," she replied. I made no comment on the doubtfulness of her statement, nor on the obvious fact that the hotel in question was far away in another part of the city, with many churches between. There were several points in her story which seemed a bit out of harmony, and besides I had an ill-defined suspicion that the woman had been drinking, though I could find no real signs to support it.

I excused myself for a moment and went in the next room to my telephone. Carefully closing the door, I called up the hotel where she was supposed to

have spent the previous night. Somewhat to my surprise the clerk replied that she was registered there, and had been there the night before. I began to wonder if my suspicions were groundless, but decided to call up the railway station to make sure. They answered that there had been no inquiries for a bag lost on the day mentioned. I returned to my visitor with a view to further questioning, only to find the room deserted and the door ajar. Evidently some bits of my telephone conversation had filtered through.

The amusing part of it came later when I was chatting informally one day with two or three others of the clergy. During the conversation I casually mentioned the incident.

"What was that name?" asked one of the group, reminiscently.

I repeated it.

"And did she come from such and such a town in Michigan?"

"Why," I said, "has she been to you too?"

He laughed heartily. "She came to me one evening just as I was prepar-

ing to leave town for my summer vacation. She told precisely the same story, and I was suspicious, just as you were. I also used the telephone, but when I found her registered at the cheap hotel I didn't stop to go further, as I was in a hurry to catch my train. She got two dollars out of me."

And a very human sense of humor enveloped that little group of the clergy.

Whether this woman went further with her attempts on the ministry I do not know. There are those who make a business of it. I have known men detected in false representations in my home to go directly across the street to the home of a minister of a neighboring church and make another trial of their luck. The labor some of them go to for a few dishonest dollars would earn them a comfortable living in any legitimate field of work. Perhaps there is a certain spice in the game of deception which gives added value to its limited fruits. At any rate, the diligence of the gamesters sometimes makes it interesting for the clergy.

Not all who ask for money from the clergy are crooks. In concluding next week his record of experiences with pleading visitors in his study, Mr. Wilson distinguishes a sheep from a goat

THIRTY-THREE YEARS OF CHANGE IN THE UNITED STATES

BY SIR ARTHUR E. SHIPLEY, F.R.S., Sc.D.

IT is, as I have said before, thirty-three years since I first visited America, and I have been trying to recollect what I thought of it then and what changes I have noticed since 1887. Never having kept a diary, I must rely on a memory which at times is apt to be treacherous.

I know I crossed in the Alaska, which was then known as the "Greyhound of the Atlantic." I left Liverpool in Christmas week and the "Greyhound" took some twelve days of stormy weather before it entered New York Harbor. In those days ships were not well ventilated, and were lit with oil lamps, which not only smelled abominably, but when the ship rolled one way they rolled the other. These circumstances did not promote a healthy appetite, and I was looking forward to my first meal ashore, little knowing what was ahead of me. I took refuge in the Windsor Hotel, which was then fairly uptown on Fifth Avenue, and was turned down, I understand, many years ago. I have vivid memories of the man who took your hat outside the dining-room door. In those days, so it seems to my memory, everybody wore top-hats, and the hat-keeper prided himself on handing back to the wearer the right hat, which was in no way checked."

There was an old story of a diner, who received back what he took to be

the wrong hat, saying to the attendant, "That's not my hat." The attendant replied, "Don't know whether it's your hat or not; it's the hat you give me." Having got rid of one's hat, one was shown into a large dining-room where many hundreds of eaters were eating in deathly silence. I was set at a table of some fourteen fellow-guests, and each of us was surrounded by some dozen or more little dishes, rather like soap-dishes. These severally contained portions of each item on the menu. Nothing would induce the waiter to serve the courses in sequence. Everything must be brought in at once and dumped before you on a tray, and while the hot things grew cold the ice-cream grew warm. When one reached it, one felt inclined to exclaim with Disraeli under similar circumstances, "Thank God, there's something hot at last!" The meal was certainly depressing, but it was before the time of prohibition, and I gathered that the male portion of the guests, after it was over, restored their spirits by recourse to the bar.

Thirty-three years ago most of the hotels, though by no means all, were run upon the American system, and except during certain stated hours one could get nothing whatever to eat, a highly inconvenient arrangement if one had come off a long journey just "after hours." The changes between

the American hotel of the late eighties and those gilded palaces of the present day are as marked as anything in American life. Delmonico's was then the fashionable restaurant, and I well remember seeing there a gentleman who, having performed some slight service to the proprietors, was given a free dinner any night he chose to claim it, at a table specially reserved for himself alone. Since those days Sherry's has risen and collapsed; a few years ago one would readily expect it to have outlived Delmonico's. Its premises at present are an example of the latest word in business offices.

Central Park was then a favorite resort, but I have no recollection of the American Museum of Natural History, nor of the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Art. The elevated railway was there, supplemented by curiously slow horse cars, but there was no subway. At the present time the state of crowding in New York is so appalling that one is inclined to think that Professor Langley's prophecy will prove true, and that the leading business men will arrive downtown in airplanes. Some weeks ago two friends of mine flew down from the neighborhood of West Point to the city in a few minutes over half an hour. Business men are living at increased distances from their offices. Thousands of them have to leave home before half-past seven to be in the city by nine

o'clock, and they take another hour and a half in returning; eighteen hours of the week, or two working days, spent in the train! Of course this hardly seems an economy of time, but very likely it is rendered imperative by the conditions of modern American life.

I think Mr. Pullman's attention should be drawn to his cars. I cannot recollect that they have very greatly improved in comfort since my first visit, except that they are now lit by electricity. I feel quite confident that the genius of the American people could devise something a great deal better than the existing cars. They are ill ventilated, and the conditions of life in them are too rigid. There is no provision for the unusual or the unexpected. I have known a European hat-box upset the comfort of the whole carful of people. "The berths, when you once get in them, are not uncomfortable, and, although you lie down with the firm conviction that you will never get to sleep, you are very soon asphyxiated by the atmosphere of the car, and, as a matter of fact, if you are lucky enough to secure a lower berth, you generally sleep uncommonly well. The upper berth is not so comfortable, though when somebody remarked this to a German traveler he replied, "My wife has not complained." I think Americans are the most patient people. They put up without grumbling with inconveniences which would drive the European to blasphemy. Overheating of the cars and hotels causes as much trouble to the European as the underheating of similar institutions in Europe causes American travelers, and it is no use complaining to the colored gentleman who regulates the temperature. The last time I complained of the heat he replied, definitely and finally, "Wall, it suits me."

America is so large and its population so numerous that the war has left but little superficial mark on the country. Paper, however, has markedly deteriorated, and I doubt if their newspapers filed in their libraries will survive for long the effects of time. The paper they are printed on is certainly inferior to that which obtains in Great Britain, and is far less inflammable. The small print of the paper is also trying for "tired eyes." The postage-stamps have deteriorated as much as our own, and, like our own, are backed by a "mucilage" which is anything but adhesive.

It is quite impossible to write of the innumerable institutions and buildings set apart for bettering the lot of suffering humanity. Not being hide-bound by traditions, Americans love new experiments. Many of these are successful, and in the bigger cities their hospitals and clinics are superior in

number and equipment to those of Europe. In the more modern of these the students, dressers, and house surgeons wear suits of spotless white. After all, if the nurses are expected to wear uniforms, why should not the other helpers in the good work?

"The material installation," as Matthew Arnold called it, of their schools leaves nothing to be desired, but the teachers are underpaid and are increasingly difficult to obtain. The problem of educating the millions of children of varied birth is perhaps the biggest problem before the American people. One feature struck me in the schools, and it also struck me in the hotels and in private houses, and that is the avoidance of sunlight. A well-conducted window in America must have lace curtains drawn across it, and two blinds, one brown and one green, pulled accurately half-way down. Even in the great country houses, where no one could look in, and no one look out without seeing spacious lawns and flower-beds, the curtains are closed and the blinds are drawn half-way down. Living in them is like living in the house of an owner who is half dead. The electric light is all the time turned on full. Even in the hotels if you leave your room for half an hour, having raised your blinds, you will find them carefully drawn down again on returning. The large number of folks—clerks in offices, workers in factories, attendants on elevators, bell-boys and hotel clerks—who live their life in artificial light forms a large percentage of the population, and this absence of outdoor life may account to some extent for the pallid and sallow complexion of those who have to endure it. It certainly cannot be healthy. "*Dové va il sole non va il medico.*"

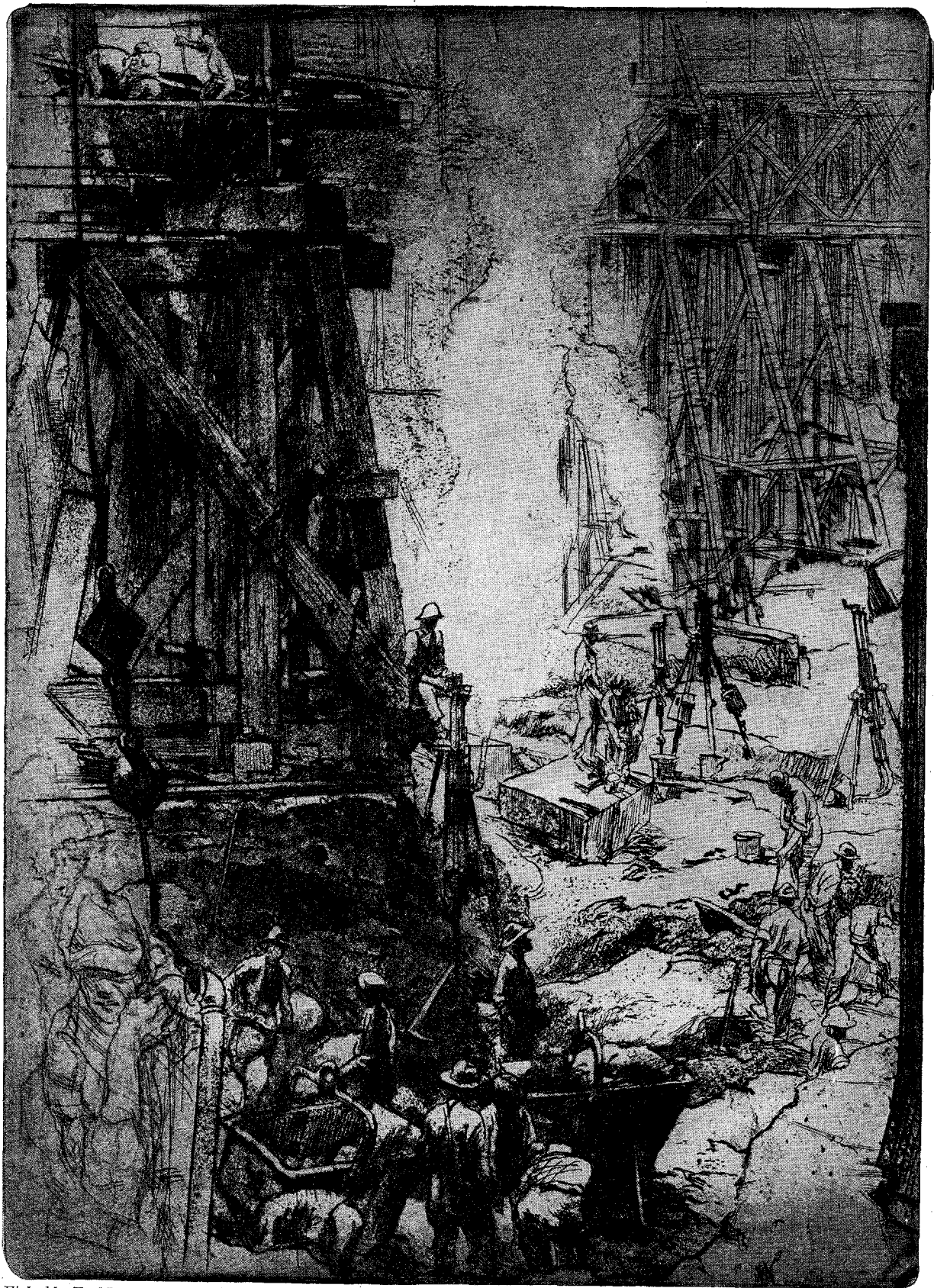
Another feature cannot fail to strike the visitor from Europe. Very crowded as are the great cities of that Continent, the overcrowding in America seems even more acute. Fabulous prices are paid for small flats in New York; on the railways the cars are always full. The higher the rates are, the more folks seem to travel. People have money now who never had money before. Profiteers or, as the Chinamen call them, "those who have grown prematurely rich owing to the disorders of their country," are constantly moving about, and make themselves felt, not only by their ostentatious wealth, but by their lack of certain conventions which alone make travel tolerable.

The crowd on the subways and on many of the elevators in the big business buildings is terrible. As more and more passengers force their way in, each gradually becomes hexagonal in cross-section from neutral pressure. Such overcrowded conveyances are a fruitful source of infection, and probably account for the widely and rapidly spread epidemic of influenza which devastated the States two years ago.

A while ago I published a little book on a tour I made in America during war time. I dedicated it "To the kindest people in the world," and I put the dedication in Latin to spare their blushes. Should I write another work of the same kind, I think I should dedicate it "To the most good-natured, tolerant, and patient people in the world." Although as the election grew imminent interest in it became keen and discussion eager, still I only once heard an acute disagreement between the supporters of the rival candidates, and this was between a husband and wife. It seemed based upon a fundamental difference of opinion on that most innocuous and unexciting fluid, milk.

As a rule the discussions were most amicable, and usually finished up, after the method of Lincoln, in a joke or a story. Their toleration equals their good humor. They bear patiently every variety of religious dogma; these are almost as numerous in the United States as are patent medicines. They quietly endure and ignore the most infernal noises. Owing to the enormous distances one has to traverse in the States, one spends a considerable part of one's time on the train, and it is this reason which possibly accounts for the fact that Americans persist in talking on the cars. Mr. Lucas has recently reminded us that Carlyle bequeathed certain books to Harvard University because of his esteem and regard for the American people—"particularly the more silent part of them." The latter exist not only in the imagination of the Chelsea philosopher. They are perhaps not very numerous, still they exist.

The habit in their great cities of pulling down huge and commodious buildings which seem to the stranger in the first blossom of youth and replacing them by still huger structures is accompanied by an amount of interference with the traffic which is almost incredible. Clouds of fine dust and the closing of the sidewalk are accompanied by the most appalling clang and clatter. Owing to the habit they have acquired of putting up a steel skeleton which is riveted together on the spot one feels as though ship-building docks have been transferred to the sidewalks. Nobody seems to mind, and indeed nobody takes any notice. At first one is a little shy of asking for help or guidance, for the Americans cultivate the type of "the strong siler man" familiar to us in the drama; but once you get over a certain shyness and approach them, they are kindness itself, taking infinite trouble to put you on your way, even at considerable inconvenience to themselves. Of the hospitality one received in the United States it is difficult to speak. It is not only the hospitality of the heart, but of the brain. The inhabitants seem to be always trying to think out how they can give you a really good time.



Etched by Earl Horter

A TYPICAL BUILDING OPERATION IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK CITY

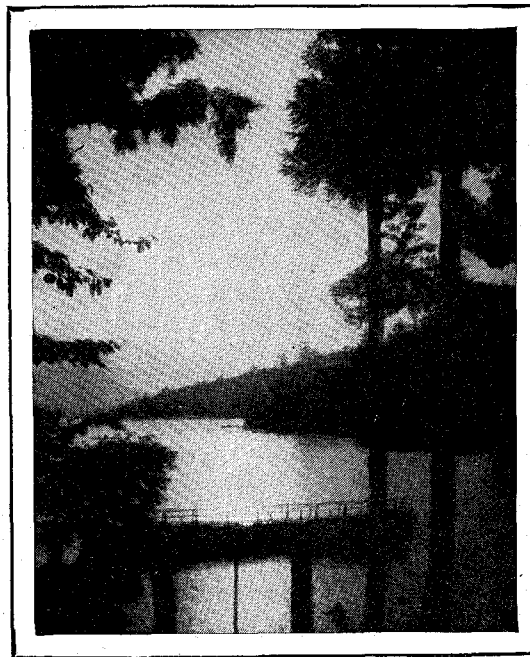
"The habit in their great cities of pulling down huge and commodious buildings which seem to the stranger in the first blossom of youth and replacing them by still huger structures is accompanied by . . . the most appalling clang and clatter"

GLIMPSES OF A JAPANESE LAKE

WHAT AN OUTLOOK READER SAW ON LAKE CHUZENJI

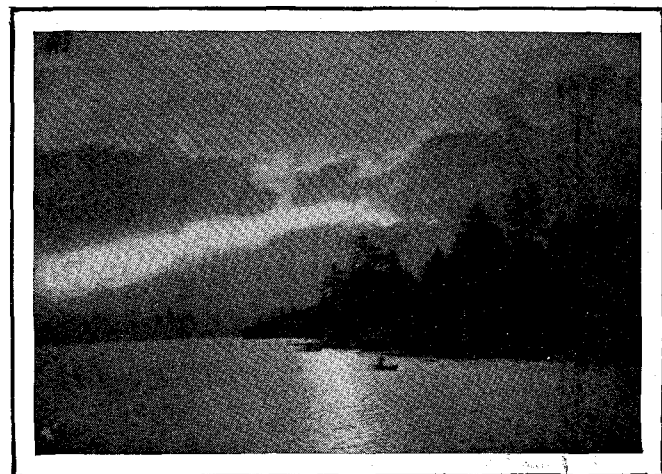


A JAPANESE STONE LANTERN



A CHARMING VISTA

The Lake of Chuzenji is situated about ten miles from the city of Nikko. It is surrounded by beautiful hills and on its shores are several temples and shrines. Pleasure boats ply on the lake, which abounds in fish, including American trout, with which it was stocked by the Japanese Government in 1892



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE LAKE

From Mrs. H. B. Landon, Cambridge, Mass.

THE BOOK TABLE

FROM LANCELOT TO STEEPLECHASING

THERE is a certain bookseller, critic, and poetaster in New York City concerning whom a story is going the rounds of those whose talk is of books. It is said that this gentleman (whose politics and knowledge of English literature were both derived from Russia) hotly declared to an acquaintance that Edwin Arlington Robinson was the greatest narrative poet of our times.

"I grant you Robinson's greatness," the acquaintance replied, "but I should not have thought of classifying him first of all as a narrative poet. It seems to me that his greatest claim to recognition is that of a portrait painter and student of character." The bookseller waxed wroth. "Of course he's a great narrative poet. No one but a great narrative poet could have created such a story as 'Lancelot!'" All of which proves nothing, except the fact that while a little information is sometimes dangerous there are also occasions on which it is useful.

Mr. Robinson's "Lancelot,"¹ like his "Merlin," is a vital contribution to the literature which has sprung from the Arthurian legends. Trusting to an unrefreshed memory, we should say that Mr. Robinson follows Malory much more closely than did Tennyson, and his tale of the Round Table and the fateful lives of Lancelot and the Queen gains much thereby.

Mr. Robinson's poem moves swiftly and surely to its allotted end. As a narrative there are indeed no flaws in its construction, but its supreme beauty lies in its analysis of character and motive. Mr. Robinson's Lancelot and Guinevere are creatures of flesh and blood, dwelling in a world of high romance and great adventure, it is true, but still lacking nothing of those human qualities without which romance and adventure lose substance and meaning. This emphasis upon character appears in the opening lines of the poem, lines which present with startling vividness the setting of the story of that immortal tragedy which follows:

LANCELOT

Gawaine, aware again of Lancelot
In the King's garden, coughed and
followed him;
Whereat he turned and stood with
folded arms
And weary-waiting eyes, cold and
half-closed—
Hard eyes, where doubts at war with
memories
Fanned a sad wrath. "Why frown
upon a friend?
Few live that have too many,"
Gawaine said,
And wished unsaid, so thinly came
the light
Between the narrowing lids at which
he gazed.
"And who of us are they that name
their friends?"

¹ Lancelot. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Thomas Seltzer, New York.

Lancelot said. "They live that have not any.

Why do they live, Gawaine? Ask why, and answer."

Of Mr. Robinson's version of that tragedy we have too little space to speak here. From the garden of Camelot to the nunnery at Almesbury, where Lancelot at last parts from the Queen who was his and yet not his, the story moves forward with a sureness and dignity seldom found in the work of a modern poet. But something of what

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THE OUTLOOK'S BOOK STALL
381 Fourth Avenue
New York City

lies between Camelot and Almesbury may perhaps be glimpsed from the concluding lines of the poem. We quote from them here:

A word stronger than his willed him
away
From Almesbury. All alone he rode
that night,
Under the stars, led by the living
Voice
That would not give him peace. Into
the dark
He rode, but not for Dover. Under
the stars,
Alone, all night he rode, out of a
world
That was not his, or the King's; and
in the night
He felt a burden lifted as he rode,
While he prayed he might bear it for
the sake
Of a still face before him that was
fading,
Away in a white loneliness. He made,
Once, with groping hand as if to
touch it,
But a black branch of leaves was all
he found.

..... Once even he turned his
horse,

And would have brought his army
back with him
To make her free. They should be
free together.
But the Voice within him said: "You
are not free.
You have come to the world's end,
and it is best
You are not free. Where the Light
falls, death falls;
And in the darkness comes the Light."
He turned
Again; and he rode on, under the stars,
Out of the world, into he knew not
what,
Until a vision chilled him and he saw,
Now as in Camelot, long ago in the
garden,
The face of Galahad who had seen
and died,
And was alive, now in a mist of gold.
He rode on into the dark, under the
stars,
And there were no more faces. There
was nothing.
But always in the darkness he rode on,
Alone; and in the darkness came the
Light.

Since the publication of "Lancelot" still another volume from Mr. Robinson's pen has appeared. It is a book of dramatic poetry similar in scope, though not in form or manner, to Browning's "Dramatic Lyrics." One poem representative of this volume, "The Wandering Jew," first found publication in the The Outlook. Perhaps we would not select this volume to introduce Mr. Robinson's work to one unfamiliar with his method and manner, for in "The Three Taverns"² he carries his characteristic use of ellipsis to the extreme. Yet little of his old magic of intonation and rhythm is lacking from "The Three Taverns," even though the intellectual appeal overmasters at times the poetic. The two volumes which we would first of all choose to serve as an introduction to Mr. Robinson would be "The Children of the Night" and "The Town Down the River." There are poems in his latest collection which, however, are as direct and comprehensible as his earlier "Richard Corey" or "Shadrach O'Leary." One such poem is a sonnet of the war, "The Rat."

As often as he let himself be seen
We pitied him, or scorned him, or
deplored
The inscrutable profusion of the Lord
Who shaped as one of us a thing so
mean—
Who made him human when he might
have been.
A rat, and so been wholly in accord
With any other creature we abhorred
As always useless and not always
clean.

Now he is hiding all alone somewhere,
And in a final hole not ready then;
For now he is among those over there
Who are not coming back to us again.
And we who do the fiction of our share
Say less of rats and rather more of
men.

There are few of Mr. Robinson's poems in any volume of his which can

² The Three Taverns. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company, New York.

bear quotation in part. It is like attempting to concentrate an essence to select passages from his verse for quotation. Dangerous as this attempt is, perhaps it may be permissible, with a particular purpose in mind, to give the first, second, and last stanzas of the opening poem in "The Three Taverns." It is called "The Valley of the Shadow."

There were faces to remember in the
Valley of the Shadow,
There were faces unregarded, there
were faces to forget;
There were fires of grief and fear
that are a few forgotten ashes,
There were sparks of recognition that
are not forgotten yet.
For at first, with an amazed and over-
whelming indignation
At a measureless malfeasance that
obscurely willed it thus,
They were lost and unacquainted—
till they found themselves in
others,
Who had groped as they were groping
where dim ways were perilous.
There were lives that were as dark as
are the fears and intuitions
Of a child who knows himself and is
alone with what he knows;
There were pensioners of dreams and
there were debtors of illusions,
All to fail before the triumph of a
weed that only grows.
There were thirsting heirs of golden
sieves that held not wine or
water,
And had no names in traffic or more
value there than toys:
There were blighted sons of wonder
in the Valley of the Shadow,
Where they suffered and still won-
dered why their wonder made no
noise

So they were, and so they are; and
as they came are coming others,
And among them are the fearless and
the meek and the unborn;
And a question that has held us here-
tofore without an answer
May abide without an answer until
all have ceased to mourn.
For the children of the dark are more
to name than are the wretched,
Or the broken, or the weary, or the
baffled, or the shamed:
There are builders of new mansions
in the Valley of the Shadow,
And among them are the dying and
the blinded and the maimed.

These stanzas we quote because they afford an interesting opportunity for comparison with the work of another poet whose manner and method has been regarded as belonging to a different world from that in which Edwin Arlington Robinson moves and has his being.

We are thinking of a sonnet sequence in John Masefield's "Enslaved,"³ a volume which reveals anew the amazing power and versatility of that English poet. There are four poems in this sonnet sequence. We quote here only the first and last:

SONNETS

Like bones the ruins of the cities
stand,
Like skeletons and skulls with ribs
and eyes

³ Enslaved. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Strewn in the saltiness of the desert
sand

Carved with the unread record of
Kings' lies.

Once they were strong with soldiers,
loud with voices,
The markets clattered as the carts
drove through,
Where now the jackal in the moon
rejoices
And the still asp draws death along
the dew.

There at the gates the market men
paid toll
In bronze and silver pennies long
worn thin



JOHN MASEFIELD, WHOSE TWO LATEST
VOLUMES ARE REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE

Wine was a silver penny for a bowl
Women they had there, and the moon
and sin.

And looking from his tower the
watchman saw
Green fields for miles, the roads, the
great king's law.

So shall we be; so will our cities lie,
Unknown beneath the grasses of the
summer,
Walls without roofs, naves open to
the sky,
Doors open to the wind, the only comer.
And men will grub the ruins, eyes
will peer,
Fingers will grope for pennies, brains
will tire
To chronicle the skills we practiced
here,
While still we breathed the wind and
trod the mire.

O, like the ghost at dawn, scared by
the cock,
Let us make haste, to let the spirit
dive
Deep in self's sea, until the deeps
unlock
The depths and sunken gold of being
alive

Till, though our Many pass, a Some-
thing stands
Aloft through Time that covers all
with sands.

The comparison between these son-
nets and Mr. Robinson's "The Valley of

the Shadow" is one which we leave to
our readers to draw for themselves.

We have a feeling that a review of
volumes of poetry should be very
largely a matter of quotation wherever
quotation is possible, for the best inter-
preter of any poet is that poet's own
work. Comment, for instance, is super-
fluous when it comes to a consideration
of Mr. Masefield's double sonnet "On
Growing Old," which likewise appears
in "Enslaved." We regret that we have
room only for the first half here.

ON GROWING OLD

Be with me Beauty for the fire is
dying,
My dog and I are old, too old for
roving,
Man, whose young passion sets the
spindrift flying
Is soon too lame to march, too cold
for loving.

I take the book and gather to the fire,
Turning old yellow leaves; minute by
minute,
The clock ticks to my heart; a withered
wire
Moves a thin ghost of music in the
spinnet.

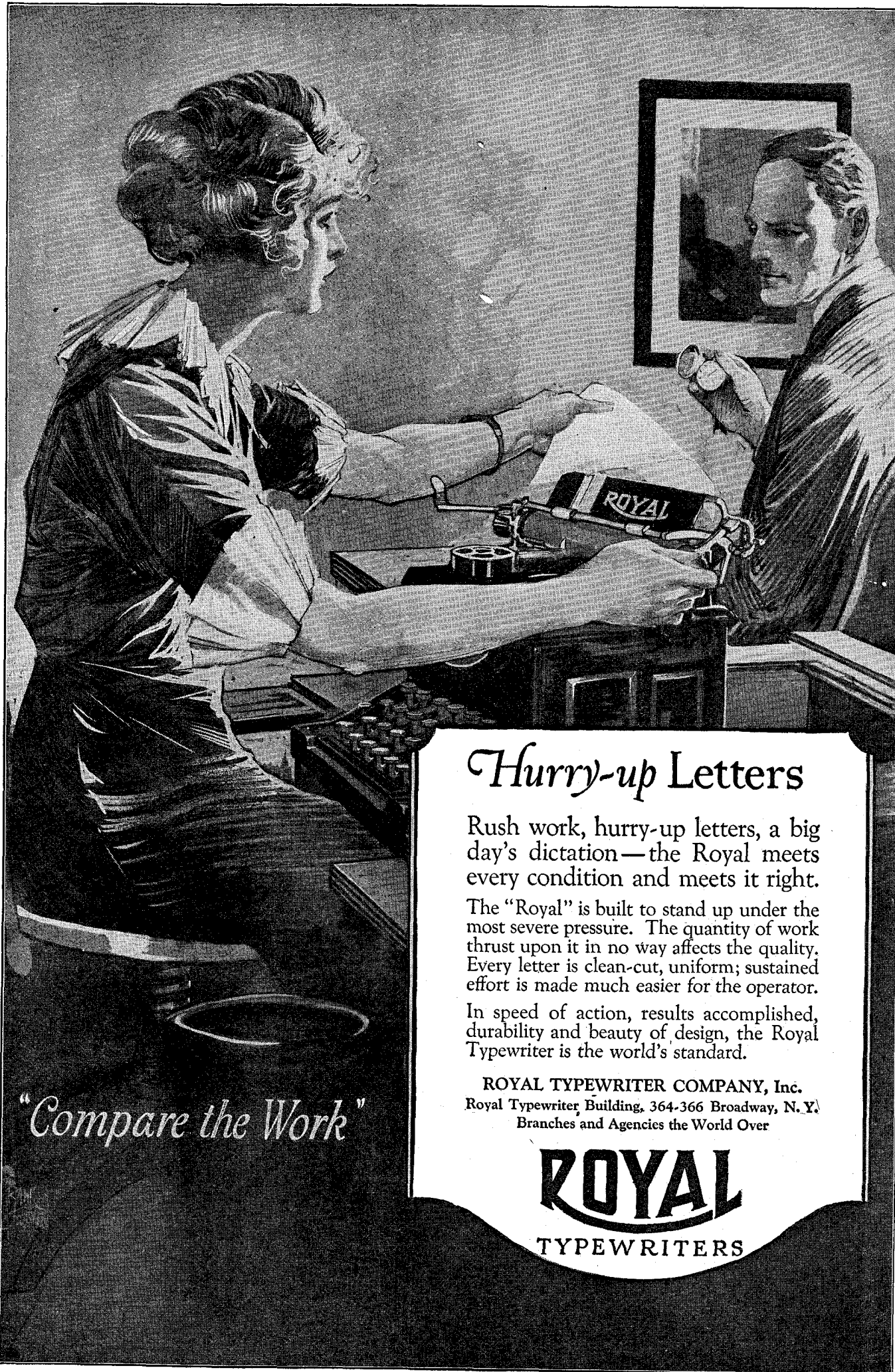
I cannot sail your seas, I cannot
wander,
Your cornland, nor your hill-land nor
your valleys,
Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
Where the young knight the broken
squadron rallies.

Only stay quiet while my mind re-
members
The beauty of fire from the beauty of
embers.

It is not to be judged from the illus-
trations which we have given that Mr.
Masefield has wholly deserted more
elastic verse structures for the sonnet
form. The title poem of "Enslaved"
is a long, romantic ballad. Following
this is still another ballad of pirates
and rapine. Following this is an eerie
and mystic record of strange adven-
tures on an English down, which con-
tains passages not unworthy of "The
Ancient Mariner." A third ballad in
the volume is "A Tale of the O'Neill,"
a romance of Scotland and of a strange
enchantment.

In another volume recently published
Mr. Masefield returns to a manner and
subject which lovers of his poetry can
more easily associate with his name.
In "Right Royal"⁴ he has done for
steeplechasing what in "Reynard the
Fox" he did for hunting to hounds. Per-
haps we are mistaken in thinking
"Right Royal" less successful than
"Reynard the Fox," for there are many
who would quarrel with us in such an
estimate of his present work. There is
indeed little to choose between the two
volumes in vividness, color, and rapidity
of action. The feeling that "Right
Royal" deserves to be placed below the
earlier volume may be purely a matter
of individual temperament on the part
of the reviewer. In any case, it is a
volume which occupies an enviable
place in the field of modern poetry.

⁴ Right Royal. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company, New York.



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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY¹

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Our Chance Next Door

ON another page Bishop Thirkield tells us that we know Japan better than we know Mexico. If this is so, what is your explanation for it?

Is it possible really to know and understand Mexico well? What reliable sources of information have we on Mexico?

What reasons can you suggest why we should know Mexico better? Can you suggest how we can get at the real truth of conditions in Mexico and the attitude of the Mexican people toward Americans?

What is Mexico's land problem? How essential do you consider landownership to democracy and sound public opinion? What illustrations can you give in your answer?

What is the Jeanes Foundation mentioned on page 58? When was it established? Of what value has it been?

Is the fundamental trouble with Mexico lack of education? What do you feel sure a public educational system, such as the United States has, would do for the Mexican people?

On page 59 Bishop Thirkield says: "This nation [the United States] is under bonds to Mexico." Does the Bishop make clear what he means? What, with reasons, do you think of the proposition which he suggests?

What points would you consider essential in a constructive policy for future relations between the United States and Mexico?

Define *proselyting*, *strategic centers*, *peons*, *menace*, *social settlement*.

If you are interested in reading a popular history of Mexico, secure the book entitled "Mexico from Cortez to Carranza," by Louise S. Hasbrouck (Appleton). An interpretation and solution of the Mexican problem is presented in the book entitled "Intervention in Mexico," by S. G. Inman (Doran). Read also in connection with this topic "Viva Mexico!" by C. M. Flandrau (Appleton).

The Plight of France

Are there any evidences that Germany is vengeful and aggressive toward France, or are the French under illusions in this matter?

If Germany should again attack France as she did in 1914, do you think that the great civilized nations of the world would go to her rescue? If so, is that enough protection for France?

What is your opinion of the four measures which The Outlook states in

¹These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestion to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—THE EDITORS.

this editorial would have kept Germany from repeating her adventure? Are these proposed measures just and democratic?

If you were a member of the United States Congress, would you advocate the ratification of the Franco-Anglo-American Treaty? Why has it not been ratified?

In connection with this topic it would be well worth your while to read "France and Ourselves," by H. A. Gibbons (Century), and "France Facing Germany," by G. E. B. Clemenceau (Dutton).

The Chief Task of Congress

What are the financial powers given to Congress by the Constitution? Is the power of Congress to levy and collect taxes unqualified and unlimited?

Is the money received by the Government from loans to it a part of its income? Do you know of any other sources of National income except gifts, sales, and taxes?

Now that the Great War is over, do you think that we ought to spend more or less on National defense? Does preparing for war lead to war?

How many specific returns to you personally can you name from our National expenditure?

What comparisons can you make between our present system of appropriating Federal money and the method that would be used in appropriating money by a National budget system?

Is The Outlook right in maintaining that the chief task of Congress is that of appropriating moneys? If you think otherwise, name and explain what you consider the chief task of Congress to be.

What history can you give to back The Outlook up in its belief that "free government came when the common people took from the monarch the right to tax and the right to appropriate money for public use"?

How do you think the United States Government could reasonably and safely save money?

An explanation of how our Government gets its money and how a budget system works is found in Chapter XXI of "Community Civics," by R. O. Hughes (Allyn & Bacon). Can you answer all the questions at the end of this chapter?

The Ten Points of Thrift

What is thrift?

What can you give from personal experience or observation that could justly be considered as illustrations of thrift?

If you were to make a four-minute speech upon each of the points mentioned in this editorial, which points would you emphasize?

Have you read the book entitled "Thrift and Success," by B. B. Jackson (Century), and the "Thrift Series," by A. E. Moore (published by Macmillan)?

Mediterranean Cruises

Throughout all the world there is no region more saturated with history, richer in wonderful scenery or more replete with different human types than the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean.

For seven long years Mediterranean Cruises had to be discontinued entirely and we are much gratified that it becomes our privilege to inaugurate their resumption with the sailing of our well-known and popular—

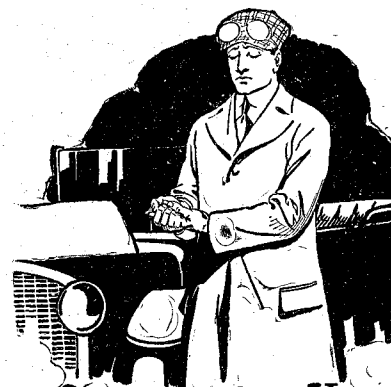
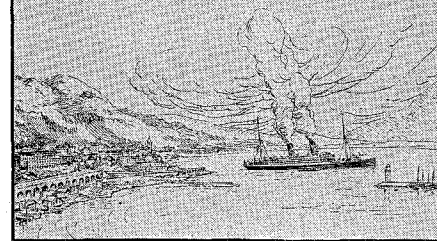
R. M. S. "Caronia"

January 15th from New York

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THE REV. FRANK E. WILSON, who contributes Picaresque side-lights on a modern rectory, describes incidents that occurred during his rectorate at St. Andrew's Church in Chicago, where he served for seven years. He resigned his parish to

accept a chaplaincy in the Army; he was senior chaplain of the 86th Division, with which he served in France; he was later transferred to the 332nd Infantry in Italy and was for several months with the Army of Occupation in Fiume. He is now rector of Christ Church parish in Eau Claire, Wisconsin. He was graduated from Hobart College in 1907, and from the General Theological Seminary in 1910.

YMAN ABBOTT, who begins in this issue "Snap-Shots of My Contemporaries" with his reminiscences of P. B. Barnum, describes some of his own early experiences in New York. He was graduated from New York University in 1853, and was admitted to the New York bar in 1856. He entered the Congregational ministry in 1860. He began his eighty-sixth year a week before Christmas just past. He is Editor-in-Chief of *The Outlook*.

MR ARTHUR E. SHIPLEY, F.R.S., Sc.D., who concludes in this issue his American impressions, is Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University. He was formerly Vice-President of the Linnean Society, and is Chairman of the Council of the Marine Biological Association. He is an authority on plant diseases in the Bermudas.

R. WILBUR PATTERSON THIRKIELD has been a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church since 1912. He has been in the ministry since 1878. He was the first President of Gammon Theological Seminary, at Atlanta, Georgia; he has been President of Howard University, in Washington. He has been General Secretary of the Epworth League. He is a sympathetic student of the Negro question and has written numerous volumes on this and other subjects. His home is at New Orleans.

EARL HORTER, two of whose etchings illustrate Sir Arthur E. Shipley's article in this issue, is one of America's leading etchers. He was awarded a medal by the Pan-American Exposition, and has frequently exhibited in New York. Many of the leading American magazines have published examples of his work. A group of his Philadelphia subjects were recently published in the "Century." His home is in Philadelphia. He has traveled extensively abroad and his exhibitions have included many subjects drawn from Switzerland, Italy, the Riviera, London, Germany, and Holland. He is a rapid worker, and often does a subject directly on the plate at the scene itself without the usual preliminary pencil study.

WATCH YOUR NERVES

By **PAUL von BOECKMANN**

Nerve Specialist and Psycho-Analyst

THE high pressure, mile-a-minute life of to-day, with its mental strain, worry, anxiety, grief and trouble is wrecking the nerves of mankind. This applies especially to people with highly active brains and sensitive nerves.

I have for more than thirty years studied the health problem from every angle. Far over a million of my various books on Health Subjects have been sold all over the world during this time, and as a result about 300,000 people have written me in detail regarding their weaknesses and their experience with different methods of treatment they applied. I am more convinced to-day, than ever before in my life, that worry, grief, anxiety, mental strain, and, of course, abuse of the reproductive functions, are the basic causes of nerve weakness (*Neurasthenia*), which in turn is the cause of nearly every ailment of civilized man and woman.

How can we reason otherwise? We know that mental strains wreck the nervous system, and the Nervous System is the great governing force of the body, the force that gives Life and Power to every organ, every muscle and cell. When the Nervous Forces are depleted through strain, how can the vital organs, muscles and other tissues retain their power? It is impossible.

The power of the nerves is infinitely great for good or evil. So great is this power that a tremendous nerve strain, as for instance, intense fear or anger, may cause instant death through bursting of a blood vessel. A less intense shock will cause the cheeks to pale or become flushed with blood. It can make the heart beat wildly and paralyze breathing. It can make cold sweat break out over the body, and make the knees tremble and become weak. It can paralyze the digestive powers in an instant. Long extended nerve strains of even mild intensity will undermine the mind and body of the strongest man and woman that ever lived.

Nerve Force is a dangerous power when uncontrolled, and if controlled, it can be made to give us Strength, Health, Character, Personality, Success and Happiness. **It is the greatest force of all bodily forces.**

Care for your nerves as you would the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensitive to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves.

You are earnestly advised to read my 64-page book, **NERVE FORCE**. It is mainly a treatise on Nerve Control, teaching you how to prevent your Nerves from running "amuck," which is the basic

cause of Nerve Exhaustion. The book teaches how to soothe and calm the nerves, besides containing hundreds of other important points of information. It will give you a thorough understanding of nervous and high-strung people, which will enable you to account for their irritability, crankiness, restlessness and other mental and physical peculiarities. In other words, the book will give you a deep knowledge of human nature, which is the most valuable and profound of all sciences.

The cost of the book is only 25 cents. Bound in durable Leatherette Cover, 50 cents. Send stamps or coin, if you wish. Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 330, 110 West 40th St., New York. I have advertised my various books in this and other high-class magazines for more than twenty years, which is ample guarantee of my responsibility and integrity. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, **PLUS** your outlay of postage. I might add that large corporations have bought my book by the thousands for their employees. Schools have bought them as text books. Physicians recommend them to their nervous patients. Extracts from the book have been again and again reprinted in magazines and newspapers, which is the strongest proof of merit. So send for the book **TO-DAY**, subject to my guarantee.

If you have strained your nerves through overwork, worry, grief or have ignorantly abused them otherwise, *submit you case to me*, and I shall tell you definitely the exact nature of your weakness, and whether I can help **YOU**, as I have helped over 90,000 men and women during the last thirty years.

I am a *Nerve Specialist and Psycho-analyst*, besides being generally experienced in all sciences pertaining to the Body and Mind. I have treated more cases of "Nerves" than *any other man* in the world. My instruction is given by Mail only. No drugs or drastic treatments are employed. My method is remarkably simple, thoroughly scientific and invariably effective.

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I shall send you authentic records of numerous cases of Nerve Exhaustion I have corrected, which have never been equalled in the history of medical practice. I have corrected thousands of cases of extreme Nerve Exhaustion.

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The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

FUNCTIONS OF A TRUST COMPANY

IT is said that ninety-seven per cent of Americans die without making a will. Every one intends to do it, but only too often it is neglected or postponed until too late; and frequently the failure to dispose of property by will results in hardships and tragedies which might easily have been averted by the exercise of only slight trouble and a minimum of forethought. This is a duty every man owes to his family, no matter whether his property amounts to millions of dollars or only a few hundreds. Few people will argue that this statement is not true; in fact, nearly every one will heartily agree with it and say that he is certainly going to attend to it some day. Too often "some day" does not come until his last sick-

ness; and then relatives may try to break his will, alleging that, due to his illness, he was not of sound mind, or that undue influence was exerted on him because of his weakened condition. The time to make a will is now.

It is not wise to attempt to draw your own will. Our laws are becoming so numerous and complex that it is increasingly difficult for a layman to draw a legal will, and to have an expert perform this service for you is good insurance that your wishes in regard to the disposition of your property will be carried out.

One of the things to be done in connection with the drawing of a will is to name an executor or, if you leave a portion

The Banking Situation

THE rapid changes in commodity prices, the industrial readjustments, and financial disturbances incident to the periods of war and reconstruction have provided a severe test for the credit and banking resources of this country.

It is a matter of national congratulation that our banking system has successfully met that test and occupies today an intrinsically sound and strong position. The combined resources of all banks in this country are in excess of fifty billion dollars. Approximately one-third of all the gold coin and bullion of the world is held in the United States, and underlies our credit structure.

During the five years of prosperity which we have just enjoyed, the banks of the country accumulated ample reserves out of their earnings, and have been able to more than meet the conditions due to the decline in commodity and security markets.

In the readjustment period since the Armistice, as during the war, the Federal Reserve System has functioned constructively and conservatively. It has met the problems of the hour in a manner to serve and protect the best interests of the nation. Credit has been liberally extended, but without impairment of reserves. And if the readjustments which

the existing situation require are left to the orderly operation of economic laws, they will be made safely and to the ultimate welfare of the country.

As a member bank of the Federal Reserve System, this Company has met the essential requirements of its clients. In the working out of the constructive business program the country now faces, this Company, with its trained organization of five thousand members; its capital, surplus and undivided profits of more than \$60,000,000; its resources of more than \$800,000,000; and its world-wide banking facilities, is prepared to render the fullest measure of service.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

all of your property in trust, an executor and trustee. This is an extremely important matter, one that merits most careful attention. Perhaps a lawyer who drew your will is a friend of yours and you would like to name him, or it may be that you would name some other friend appointed, or possibly a member of your own family. All very well. But suppose this person should die or be incapacitated before the affairs of your estate were wound up. Suppose he mismanaged your estate, misappropriated the funds, or through lack of knowledge or training lost a large portion of the principal. What recourse would your heirs have? If he died, a new trustee would be appointed; if you would not be alive to select him, and very possibly he would not agree with your approval. So it would be better he should be incapacitated. In the case of mismanagement or fraud, your heirs could of course bring suit, but the chances would be in favor of his being insolvent and their recovering nothing. This may be a rather gloomy picture, but all of these things have happened only too often; and is there any use in running the risk? Not when we have trust companies.

Trust companies are empowered by law to act in all fiduciary capacities. They can do all things in this connection that an individual can do, and do them better. They do not die. Their officials and employees are experienced and used to this kind of work, so the risk of their making mistakes is reduced to a minimum. Their books are periodically audited by Government examiners and the securities they hold are verified at regular intervals. Trust companies are always "on the job;" they do not go to Europe for three months and leave the direction of your affairs in the hands of somebody else, as an individual may. And it costs exactly the same amount to have a trust company act as trustee of your estate as it does to have an individual, for all such fees are fixed by law. Many people do not appreciate this fact; but so long as it is a fact and costs no more money, why not take the benefit of the best services to be had? These are rendered by a trust company.

Incorporate in your will the simple form, "I appoint — Trust Company as executor and trustee of this, my will. That is all. You can appoint an individual, a friend of yours, if you wish, but appoint a trust company to look after it with him. Play it safe. It is well, of course, to talk things over with a trust company before you appoint one, but trust companies are like most business enterprises in that they are always on the watch for new business, and the chances of their not accepting such an appointment are slight. They will have their own lawyers draw your will as you desire it, and will hold the document for you in their vaults for safe keeping.

A trust company is one of the most useful of modern business institutions, and it is especially so as regards fiduciary functions. People are con-

much safer and in the long run cheaper to intrust their property to a trust company than to an individual. Trust companies are experienced in the making of investments; they know about securities, and their knowledge is at the disposal of their patrons as a matter of course. They keep in touch with the securities in their trust estates and make reinvestments as occasion demands. Further, they collect the income and pay it over to the beneficiaries as required. And a trust company's faithful performance of its duties is guaranteed by its capital and surplus.

A trust company may be appointed administrator of an estate. It may be appointed guardian of an infant's property or committee of the estate of an incompetent person. If you wish to establish a trust fund for somebody or something during your lifetime, you can appoint a trust company trustee of this fund; it will keep the securities, manage the property, collect the income, and pay it to the beneficiaries at the times agreed upon. The fee charged for these services is small compared with the value of your own time were you to attend to all these matters yourself. You can even establish a trust fund for yourself if you want to, and shift the care of your affairs to a trust company. A trust company will also act as agent for you in the management and care of your property. All of these arrangements can be made practically on your own terms and terminated at your pleasure, so that you never need worry about losing control of your property.

These various functions enumerated above are of a personal nature and come under the supervision of the personal trust department of a trust company. There are also corporate trust departments. When a corporation issues bonds, some trust company is almost always appointed trustee of the mortgage or deed of trust; it thereupon supervises the issuance of the bonds, keeps the original indenture in its possession, and assumes the responsibility of seeing to it that all of its provisions are complied with.

You may keep your bank account with a trust company, and most of them allow interest on balances over and above a certain amount. A trust company will arrange the purchase and sale of securities for you.

Trust companies are often appointed registrars and transfer agents of stocks and bonds; they act as agents for the payment of dividends and interest. They have boxes and compartments to rent in their vaults for the safe-keeping of securities and valuable papers, and one of these boxes is an excellent thing to have. In fact, the facilities of a trust company are so many and varied that it is not possible to enumerate them all in one brief article. The best way to get a first-hand acquaintance with them is to make a personal call and have a talk with one of the officers of a trust company; you will find him eager to explain anything connected with his business in which you may be interested. Trust companies are formed to serve the community. It is a good thing to get into the habit of close relations with them.



The Business Side of Happy New Year

ALL over this country there are families whose happiness this and every New Year's Day is the result of the foresight of men who, while still living, made wise provision for the future.

One of these men, who is typical of the others, at the beginning of a New Year now long past, looked into the faces of his loved ones and thought: "They are happy now, but how can I insure their happiness in the years to come?"

He made a will. For his wife, inexperienced in business matters, he planned a trust fund, to protect her against the tragedy of ill-advised investments. A fund was set aside for his children's education. The boys were to be given their whole share of the estate at a mature age; the daughters' shares were to be kept in trust during their lives, so that, married or single, they would be financially independent.

Then came the question: "Who is to carry out these plans?" He decided that it was unfair to his wife to ask her to manage property which it had taken his utmost labor and trained effort to accumulate. He named a trust company, therefore, as executor and trustee, because it had attributes which only a corporation could have—continuous existence, accumulated experience, financial responsibility, perfected mechanism, the counsel and direction of many men skilled in business.

And today, long after his death, the trust company is serving this man's family from one Happy New Year to the next, its officers acting with understanding of each individual's needs, yet observing a strict impartiality.

As this man made provision, so any man can provide, in proportion to his desires and means, for his family's future.

This is the first of a series of messages to be published by associated trust companies of the United States concerning the services they render. A new book, *Safeguarding Your Family's Future*, explaining these services, may be obtained upon application to a trust company, or upon request to

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WRITE photoplays: \$25-\$300 paid anyone for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary, complete outline free. Producers League, 438, St. Louis.

WANTED—1,500 Railway Traffic Inspectors; no experience; train for this profession through spare-time home study; easy terms, \$110 to \$200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors, local or traveling, under big men who reward ability. Send Free Booklet CM-27. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED—Experienced bookkeeper, refined personality, for Eastern girls' boarding school. Thoroughly competent to take full charge of financial office. Protestant. Good salary and comfortable home. Good social environment. Give full particulars in first letter. 9,353, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

TEACHERS WANTED, men and women, for all departments of colleges and schools. Immediate and future vacancies. The Interstate Teacher's Agency, 717 Macheba Building, New Orleans, La.

WANTED, at once, lady, Protestant, to teach girl 6. Mending and light duties. Not over 30. Country. Good references. Send picture. Salary fifty dollars a month. Box 15, Fairville, Chester County, Pennsylvania

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

DRAMATIC and ATHLETIC instructor of girls' school in New York or vicinity. Qualified to teach dancing, swimming, diving, life-saving, riding, shooting, tennis, rowing, canoeing, physical culture, and full dramatic training, including play construction. Mrs. Helen Kittredge, 537 West 121st St., New York. Telephone: Morningside 4197.

Business Situations

PAGEANT master available. Experienced. Capable of assuming full direction. 9,331, Outlook.

YOUNG college graduate wishes position with large oil concern. Practical experience in oil production methods, drilling, general engineering work, and oil geology. Foreign work preferred. Available immediately 9,356, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

DIETITIAN wishes position in institution, cafeteria, or school. 9,355, Outlook.

GRADUATE student, Columbia, returning to California in January will act as traveling companion in return for expenses. References exchanged. 9,338, Outlook.

NURSERY governess, mother's helper Young, experienced, American, Protestant New York suburbs preferred. Willing to travel. 9,362, Outlook.

YOUNG lady desires position as secretary, companion, or mother's helper to lady traveling. E. Swanson, Roosevelt, Okla.

HOUSEKEEPER desires position in pleasant home. Capable of assuming all responsibility. 9,361, Outlook.

MATRON, housemother, housekeeper, school or institution. Years of experience. Highest credentials. Box 198, Ridgefield, N. J.

PRACTICAL nurse or companion.—Educated, Protestant, American lady. Willing to travel. References. Mrs. G. H. Chandler, 1214 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn.

GENTLEWOMAN, middle age, position of trust with lady. Good traveler, packer, excellent needlewoman. Highest references 9,370, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TUTOR in private family by cultured, refined young man from South. Age 25. University graduate. 3 years' experience. Most excellent references. 9,332, Outlook.

WANTED, by Southern gentlewoman (normal and college graduate with teaching and chronic convalescent invalids. Address F. E. Parker Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

ENGLISH governess, proven ability, desires position; kindergarten, primary grades, best physical care; fine needlewoman. Highest references. 9,359, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will send things on approval. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

WANTED—Young women to take nine months' course in training for the care of chronic and convalescent invalids. Address F. E. Parker Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

OWNER of small but comfortable bungalow in Oranges, New Jersey, will exchange two rooms and bath, rent, light and heat, in return for caring for bungalow, preparation of meals, etc. Small family. Ten minutes from station and trolley. Best references required. 9,354, Outlook.

FOR SALE—Hammond multiplex typewriter, price \$48, perfect condition, little used, cost \$125. Also mahogany roller top desk, nearly new. 9,360, Outlook.

WHERE A TRANSLATION EXPLAINS

A FRIEND called attention to the apparent similarity of the three following expressions:

"Deutschland über Alles" (Germany ver all),

"Sinn Fein" (Myself alone),

"America first,"

and suggested that they were but varying forms of the same rampant selfishness now causing so much misery and distress in the world.

Do you concur in such a view? If not, what, in your opinion, would be the difference between the three forms of national aspiration above referred to?

T. H. Hoob.

[Translate the phrase "Deutschland über Alles" into the terms of personal relationship. If our correspondent said, "My family above all others," he would be rightly condemned.

Likewise, if he said, "I will work for myself alone," he would be guilty of selfishness and unsocial practice. But suppose he says, "I will make my family my first concern," then he would merely be acting in accordance with the most correct ethical principle.

As Mr. Roosevelt once pointed out, the rabby internationalist who says, "I love all countries as well as I do my own," is just like the man who says, "I love other men's wives as much as my own." "America first" does not mean a disregard for others.—THE EDITORS.]

ADJECTIVES AND STYLE

[From the Gossip Shop of the "Bookman"]

THE abstruse question which Boswell once upon a time used as conversational bait for Dr. Johnson, "How many angels could dance on the point of a needle?" is a small matter compared with the question with which William Bayard Hale wrestles in "The Story of a Style." How many adjectives does Woodrow Wilson use? Mr. Hale has combed the centuries for data, and his statistics rival in ingenuity and novelty those problems propounded and solved in the old "Penny Magazine" of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, such as: "How many obelisks the size of Cleopatra's Needle would need be balanced one upon the other to reach to the top of the dome of St. Paul's?" Or, "How many papers of pins would you have to buy if you wanted to lay a train of them from London to Edinburgh?" For the accommodation of all ingenious persons, we quote Mr. Hale's conclusions, which show the present Patersque incumbent of the White House to be far from the line of "normalcy," adjectively speaking:

In Wilson the ratio is 1 pure verb to 30 adjectives; with Ruskin the ratio is 16 to 7; Carlyle 12 to 4; Macaulay 11 to 3; Poe 12 to 5; Shakespeare 14 to 9; Scott 11 to 8; Dickens 16 to 6; Hardy 14 to 1; Shaw 14 to 4; Clemens 13 to 3; Hewlett 12 to 3; Gibbon 9 to 8; Bazin 18 to 3; Sienkiewicz 11 to 1; Stendhal 15 to 2; Maeterlinck 10 to none; Rousseau 14 to 6; Amiel 9 to 7.

The "Double-Action" Dentifrice

COLGATE'S

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

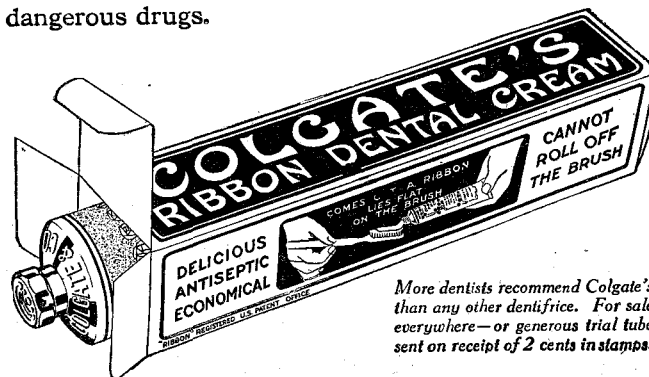
ACTS in 2 safe and effective ways to clean the teeth thoroughly.

1 The calcium carbonate which forms the base of this favorite dentifrice, when brought into action by the brush, *loosens* the food deposits that gather upon the teeth.

2 These deposits thus loosened are then *washed away* by the liquid detergent that results from the motion of the wet brush.

The smooth cream, being softer than the teeth, cannot scratch or otherwise injure them. The *washing* is effected without the introduction of harmful acids or dangerous drugs.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. Z
199 Fulton Street
New York



More dentists recommend Colgate's than any other dentifrice. For sale everywhere—or generous trial tube sent on receipt of 2 cents in stamps.

MAKE IT GROW!

PERHAPS you have a small business which is capable of consistent growth if you could tell enough people about your service. Yet any substantial expense is not justified. Many small proprietors in this situation have found Outlook Want advertisements will bring in business at a cost of a very few dollars. Many such have used these Want advertisements for years and secured steady returns.

Does your business fall under one of these headings or something similar?

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES BOOKS, MAGAZINES, MANUSCRIPTS
GREETING CARDS OFFICE DEVICES LANTERN SLIDES
BUSINESS SITUATIONS CHILDREN'S CLOTHES EMBROIDERY
WOMEN'S GOODS JEWELRY ANTIQUES
PROFESSIONAL SHOPPERS GARMENTS REMODELED

Other headings given when warranted.

The Irish Linen Company, Davenport, Iowa, has just written us—"We are getting very good results from our advertising considering the conditions all over the country."

Your advertisement in this Classified Department of The Outlook costs only ten cents a word! Every word may bring you dollars' worth of business. Write us about your business and we will be glad to make suggestions as to how it can best be built up.

Address

Department of Classified Advertising, The Outlook Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

How Many Ways Do You Use 3-in-One?

Use 3-in-One Oil to *lubricate* all light mechanisms—typewriters, sewing machines, phonograph motors, cash registers, adding machines and other bank and office mechanisms, guns, fishing rods, automatic tools, magnetos, Ford Commutators, bicycles, cream separators. Use

3-in-One Oil

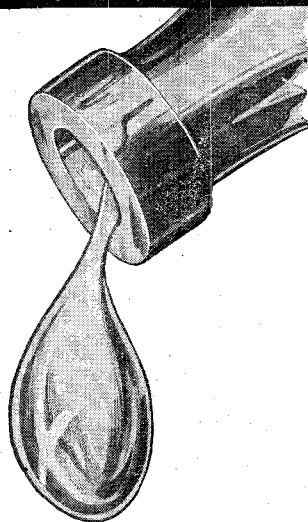
to *clean and polish* all veneered and varnished surfaces—pianos, phonographs, fine furniture, office desks and filing cabinets, hardwood floors, automobile bodies, golf clubs. Use it to polish mirrors, cut glass, automobile windshields. Use it to make dustless dust cloths and polish mops—very economical.

Use 3-in-One to *prevent rust and tarnish* from forming on all metal surfaces—bathroom fixtures, stoves and ranges, metal parts of automobiles. Use it to *stop the squeaking* of automobile springs, door hinges, locks and bolts. Use it on razors, safety and old-style—make shaving quicker and easier.

3-in-One is sold at all good stores in 1 oz., 3 oz., and 8 oz. bottles and 3 oz. Handy Oil Cans.

FREE Liberal sample of 3-in-One Oil and Dictionary of Uses—both sent *free*. Write us a postal.

Three-in-One-Oil Co., 165 O. Broadway, N. Y.



This Drop of
3-in-One Oil
Has 79 Uses



THE GUNN "LINO" GREEN DESK TOPS
Eliminate GLASS, GLARE and WEAR

(Patent Pending)

THE LAST WORD IN DESKS
(MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS)

The New Gunn Desks, exclusively equipped with "Lino" Green Tops, provide an Ideal Writing Surface. No Varnish to Mar. Restful to the Eyes. Flush wood border with rounded edges.

Colored print and full particulars mailed free on request

THE GUNN FURNITURE COMPANY
1877 Broadway GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Prophy-lactic Tooth Brush

A clean tooth never decays—the Prophy-lactic keeps teeth clean

BY THE WAY

ONE side of the medal shows an angel hovering over the prostrate form of a man on the railroad tracks. So reads part of the description of a gold medal presented by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company to an employee who tried to save the life of a fellow employee by giving his blood in a transfusion operation. The angel's name in real life was Joseph Sweeney; the man on the tracks was Thomas J. Thornton who had both legs crushed in an accident. Sweeney asked that his part in trying to save Thornton be kept secret but the facts leaked out. The medal was presented to him by the company, vice-president in the presence of many officials of the road.

"Copperfield House," No. 13 Johnson Street, London, is one of the few remaining houses of the several in which Charles Dickens lived as a boy. "When Dickens's father, John Dickens, was released from the unsavory Marshalsea Prison," says the London "Sphere," he took the boy from lodgings to live in this house. "Charles was at that time working at the blacking factory in Hungerford Stairs, and despite his intense loathing of his soul-destroying work, he felt much happier after his reunion with his parents." The house is now to be used as a children's library.

The Chinese hen seems to be laying superfluous eggs. According to "Shipping," a cargo of frozen eggs, recently sent from Hankow, China, to New York weighed 6,200 tons, representing the enormous number of 11,573,333 dozen eggs.

"I'll ring for Nora to bring a fresh pitcher of water," said the professor's wife, as reported in a Western paper. "You doubtless mean a pitcher of fresh water," corrected her husband. Ten minutes later the professor said: "The picture would show to better advantage if you were to hang it over the clock." "You doubtless mean above the clock," his wife retorted quietly; "if we were to hang it over the clock we couldn't tell the time."

Fully half of the population of Buenos Aires is foreign-born, according to Harry Franck, "and it is an even bet on any man of this half," he says, "that he came from Italy." There is also a small colony of aristocratic Irish. Mr. Franck reports, who pronounce their names "Kel-ye," "O-bree-en," etc. "It is a comparatively ordinary experience in Buenos Aires, the author adds, to come across business men with English or Irish names who speak only Spanish.

From the voluntary allotment slips of our soldiers a subscriber copies these peculiar names, which seem to have been signed in dead earnest:

Victor Castoria Hicks, Hilarius Drees Dewey Lane, June Cloud, Anthony Butinski, Legal Tender Fairchild, Cash Double, Lordly Lucas, Leonard Peach Lemon, Narry Chance, Broadus Long,

and finally, "to boost your column, Philip Bytheway."

As an example of "perplexed English" reader contributes this:

A German woman who had resided in this country thirty-five years but had not become "emancipated" either as to politics or as to using the English language freely, said apropos of the suffrage amendment movement, "Don't them suffrages are done yet?"

A story that might be taken to heart by the factions that are making Ireland miserable is told in Frederick Lynch's recollections of Andrew Carnegie. "When the circus came to town, Mr. Carnegie said, Pat had no money for ticket. He offered his services to the circus manager for the price of admission. The manager said, 'Pat, the lion died last night, and we saved his pelt. You'll crawl into that till the show opens, you can see everything.' Pat got into the pelt and was led to the cage. As he was getting in he saw a huge Bengal tiger glowering at him from the farther end of the cage. 'I'll not go into the cage with that terrible beast,' he shouted. Whereupon the 'tiger' lifted up its head and said, 'Come right in, Pat; I'm an Irishman too.'"

A file of "La Libre Belgique," the Belgian bulletin of patriotic propaganda which was published during the war in spite of the severest restrictive measures on the part of the German invaders, was recently sold in New York City for \$1,000. In future years when the full story of the means by which it was printed and circulated is made public, a set of "La Libre Belgique" will no doubt become one of the rarest prizes for collectors of memorabilia of the great War.

Sir Herbert Tree, the English actor, as a maker of pungent phrases. Some of them, as quoted in a recently published book of "Memories," follow: "A committee should consist of three men—two of whom are absent." "He is an old bore. Even the grave awns for him." "If we don't take ourselves seriously, who will?"

An example of American terseness: A man went into a store in Chicago. "I want some powder," he said. "Face, gun, or bug?" asked the young lady.

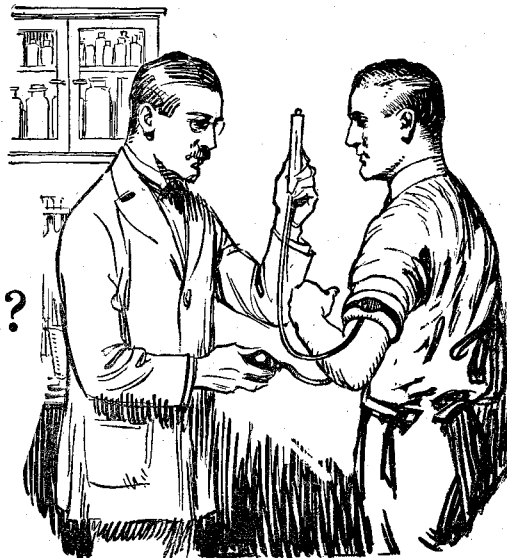
In an article by Senator F. M. Davenport in the November 3 issue of The Outlook, entitled "Treating Men White in Akron Town," Mr. Davenport stated that the process of vulcanizing rubber had been discovered by Dr. Goodrich. He has since written to the editors of The Outlook stating that this was an error on his part and that credit should have been given to Charles Goodyear, of New Haven, by whom the vulcanization of rubber was discovered in 1839; by 1844 he had secured some sixty patents which protected his discovery. Dr. Goodrich began the manufacture of rubber goods in Akron in 1869, using the Goodyear invention, the Goodyear patents having then expired.

Is your blood pressure normal?

ALMOST daily you hear from some friend or acquaintance that he or she is suffering from high blood pressure. It is not a disease, but it is a symptom of a condition of the blood vessels that, if neglected, may lead to serious or even fatal results. The arteries, which carry the blood from the heart all over the body, are elastic, like a thin rubber tube. So, when the force pump action of the heart is suddenly increased by violent physical exercise, or severe mental or nervous exertion or strain, the arteries expand and thus accumulate the extra quantity of blood pumped into them.

Failure to properly digest food, or to eliminate its waste regularly and thoroughly, favors the absorption into the blood of irritating or poisonous matter, which if allowed to continue, hardens the arterial walls, and causes them to lose elasticity and become rigid and brittle. The blood current is impeded, causing high blood pressure, the heart enlarges, and the kidneys and liver become diseased.

Leading medical authorities agree that the best way to prevent or overcome high blood pressure is to cut down flesh foods and insure regular, thorough bowel evacuation.



For the latter they prescribe Nujol, as it is most efficient and safe.

Nujol relieves constipation without any unpleasant or weakening effects. It does not upset the stomach. It does not cause nausea or griping, nor interfere with the day's work or play.

Instead of forcing or irritating the system, Nujol simply softens the food waste. This enables the many tiny muscles in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system.

Nujol actually prevents constipation because it helps Nature maintain easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world.

Nujol is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. Try it.

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Constipation

Nujol is sold by all druggists in sealed bottles only, bearing the Nujol trade mark



Mail coupon for booklets, "Constipation—Auto Intoxication in Adults" and "Constipation in Advanced Years", to Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), Room 706, 44 Beaver Street, New York. (In Canada, send to Nujol, 22 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.)

Name.....

Address.....

YOUR WANTS

in every line of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the classified columns of The Outlook. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS. Address

Department of Classified Advertising
THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

FIRST FARM MORTGAGES AND REAL ESTATE BONDS

Yielding 6%, 6½%, 7%

The Middle West, where our First Farm Mortgages are made, is the home of the "Bread Basket of The World." Your money invested in our Farm Mortgages is secured by fertile farms, growing in value.

Covering an experience of more than 37 years, serving investors from all sections, no client has ever lost a dollar through us.

If interested in securities that will stand the test of a period of deflation, write for copy of pamphlet "S" and current offerings.

E. J. Lander & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1883

Grand Forks,

North Dakota

You'll say you never tasted such delicious mackerel!

They can't help but be delicious.

They are *selected* fish and they are packed a few minutes after they are brought to the wharves at Gloucester by the fishing boats.

And when we say *selected* fish, we mean *selected* fish. We personally look over the various mackerel catches as they are brought in every day and we pick out only the very best. And we know how to pick them out, too—we've been fishermen ourselves for over fifty years and the mackerel we select are the same kind that we pick out to take home.

Fat, tender, mackerel with a real fresh-from-the-sea-flavor that you have always longed for.

And all you have to do to get them is to write your name and address on the coupon below and mail it to us. We will then send you our complete fish price-list so that you can send us your order. Then we send the fish along to you at once. And remember, you do not pay for them unless you are entirely satisfied.

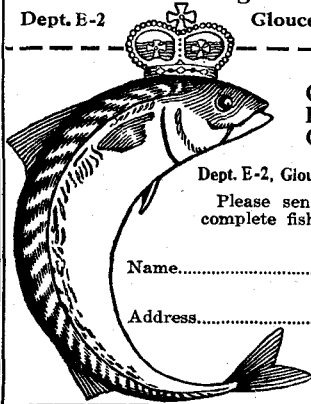
This list we send you, will give you a new idea as to the number and variety of the good things we have in store for you. Clams, lobster, shrimp, sardines, tuna, salmon—all fresh from the ocean, all carefully selected and perfectly packed.

Salt codfish is one of our big specialties. It is really boneless and comes to you in big, white, steak-like pieces just right for making the most mouth-watering codfish cakes or creamed fish. Be sure to remember it when you order.

Now here's the coupon. Fill it out now and mail it. It won't be many days before you'll say that sending in this coupon was one of the most satisfactory things you ever did in your life.

Crown Packing Company

Dept. E-2 Gloucester, Mass.



Crown
Packing
Company

Dept. E-2, Gloucester, Mass.

Please send me your complete fish price-list.

Name.....

Address.....

How to Reduce Your Weight

YOU CAN do it in a dignified, simple way in the privacy of your room and surprise your family and friends.

I know you can, because I've reduced 45,000 women from 20 to 85 lbs., and what I have done for so many I can do for you.

Don't reduce by drugs or diet alone. You'll look old if you do. You should have work adapted to your condition.

No woman need carry one pound of excess fat. It's so simple to weigh what you should, and you enjoy the process. My cheerful letters and your scales keep you enthusiastic.

I build your vitality, strengthen your heart and teach you how to stand, walk and breathe correctly, as I reduce you.

If you send me your height and weight, I'll tell you just what you should weigh. No charge—and I'll send you an illustrated booklet FREE, showing you how to stand correctly. Write me! I will respect your confidence.

Susanna Cocroft

Dept. S, 215 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago



Brown's Bronchial Troches

Quickly Relieve Coughing, Hoarseness, Sore Throat in Catarrhal and Asthmatic Conditions.

Bronchial disorders will promptly be relieved by these tablets which are a genuine medicinal remedy—not a confection. They contain no opiates or other harmful ingredients, hence perfectly safe for children—a small piece will relieve a child's cough or throat irritation.

For Over Seventy Years

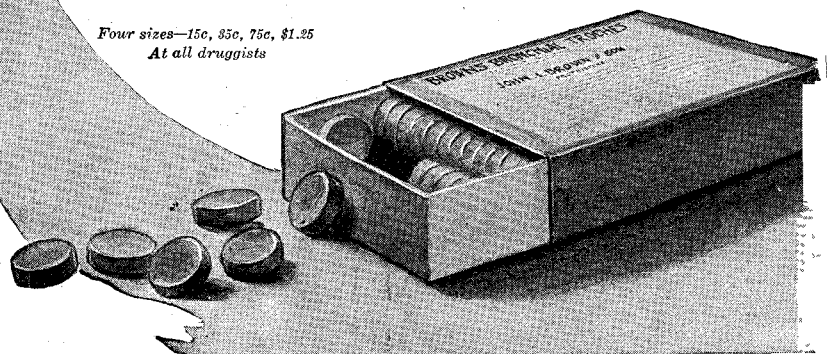
BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have been invaluable to public speakers and singers for clearing the throat, allaying hoarseness and soothing the irritation caused by vocal exertion.

No set directions for taking—to be used as occasion requires. Will not stain the hands or gloves.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, BOSTON, MASS.

General Sales Agents: **HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc., New York—Toronto**

Four sizes—15c, 35c, 75c, \$1.25
At all druggists



A Cash Offer for Cartoons and Photographs

Cash payment, from \$1 to \$5, will promptly be made to our readers who send us a cartoon or photograph accepted by The Outlook.

We want to see the best cartoons published in your local papers, and the most interesting and newsy pictures you may own. Read carefully the coupons below for conditions governing payment. Then fill in the coupon, paste it on the back of the cartoon or print, and mail to us.

THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

To the Photograph Editor of The Outlook:

The attached photograph is the property of the undersigned and is submitted for publication in The Outlook. Postage is enclosed for its return if unavailable. It is my understanding that The Outlook agrees to pay \$3 for this photograph if reproduced as a half-page cut, or smaller, and \$5 if reproduced in larger size than a half page. The enclosed brief account of the object or event depicted you may use as you see fit.

Name.....

Address.....

To the Cartoon Editor of The Outlook:

The attached cartoon is clipped from the

..... of the following

date..... If this particular clipping is selected for reproduction in The Outlook, I will accept One Dollar as payment in full for my service in bringing it to your attention. I agree that if it is not used it will not be returned nor its receipt acknowledged.

Name.....

Address.....